

*Keen*  
**DETECTIVE** DEC  
**FUNNIES**

10c







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# DEAN DENTON

scientific adventurer

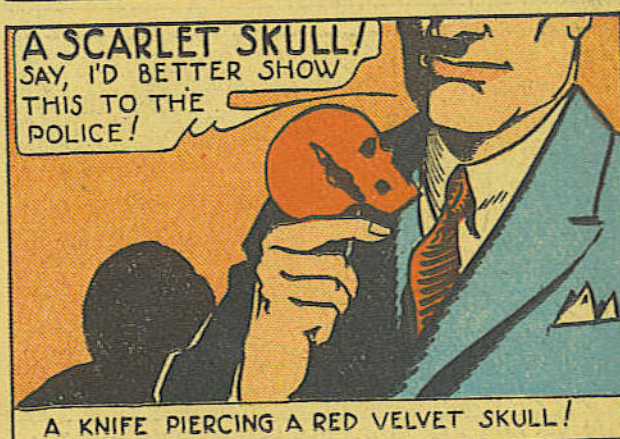
THE CASE OF  
THE CONQUEROR'S COUNTERFEITS

by  
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL.



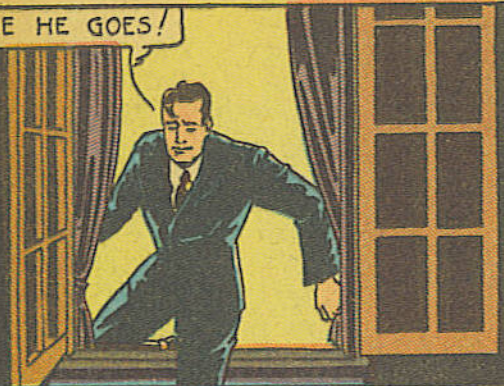
DEAN, RETIRING FROM HIS CAREER AS RADIO'S HIGHEST PAID VENTRILOQUIST, HAS DEVOTED HIMSELF TO HELPING HUMANITY THROUGH SCIENCE.

HE HAS JUST DISCOVERED A WAY OF DETECTING SOME NEW COUNTERFEIT MONEY. HE IS IN HIS LABORATORY WITH HIS ASSISTANT, CAROL KANE.

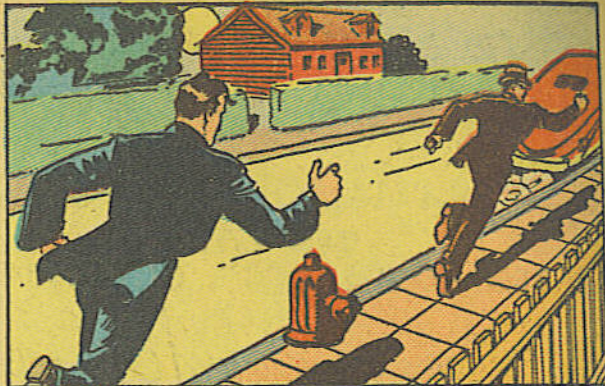




THERE HE GOES!

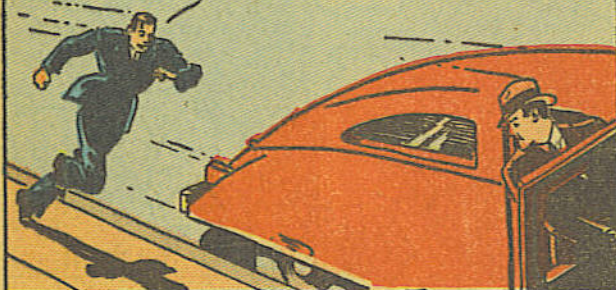


LEAPING THROUGH THE WINDOW—



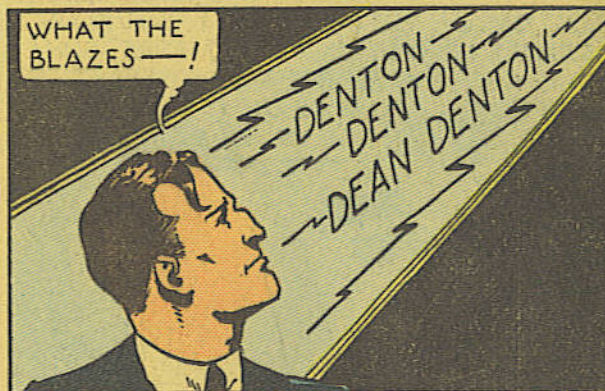
DEAN GIVES CHASE AND IS GAINING!

THIS BEGINS TO LOOK  
LIKE A GANG JOB!



BUT HIS QUARRY ESCAPES IN A WAITING CAR—

WHAT THE  
BLAZES—!

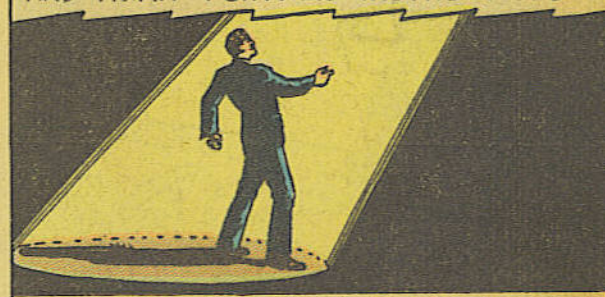


AND, AS DEAN IS HURRYING HOME!



HE HEARS AN AIRPLANE'S MOTORS,—AND

DENTON, YOU WILL PLACE YOURSELF UNDER  
THE CONQUEROR'S ORDERS! GO HOME  
AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!



FROM THE SKY COMES AN ODD MESSAGE!

CAROL! OH WHAT  
A FOOL I'VE BEEN!



ALARMED, HE DASHES HOME TO FIND —

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

DEY WORE RED BATHROBES AN'  
TOOKEN MIZ CAROL AWAY, AN  
DEY'S A NOTE IN MAH POCKET!



ABSALOM BOUND,—AND CAROL GONE!



If you expect to see  
your assistant alive again, you'll  
keep quiet about that X-ray test for  
the counterfeits. I am in on  
15.2 meters at 11 p.m. and we will  
prove that we mean business.  
The Conqueror Always Wins.

AGAIN—THAT SINISTER SCARLET SKULL!

ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART, TELL THAT  
SMART BOY-FRIEND TO DO AS WE SAY!  
DEAN! DEAN! DON'T DO IT!  
THEY'LL KILL ME ANYHOW! **CRASH!**  
SHUT UP YOU DAME! THE  
CONQUEROR WILL SETTLE YOU!  
OH, DEAN! DEAN! FOLLOW  
THE SHINING TRAIL! **CRASH!**

CAROL'S VOICE COMES OVER THE AIR!

SMART GIRL, CAROL!  
'THE SHINING  
TRAIL' IS RIGHT!

HE FINDS AND FOLLOWS THE TRAIL—

LOOKS LIKE THEY TOOK  
CAROL IN HERE.

FOR SALE

AT AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE—

NEARLY 11 NOW! SAY,  
ABSALOM, THAT'S QUEER!  
A TUBE OF LUMINOUS  
PAINT I HAD ON THIS  
TABLE IS GONE!

AT 11 HE TUNES IN THE RADIO, AND—

'THE SHINING TRAIL'? I WONDER—?  
ABSALOM! GET MY CAR! IF THEY  
HURT CAROL!

YASSUH!

A HUNCH ABOUT THAT 'SHINING TRAIL'!

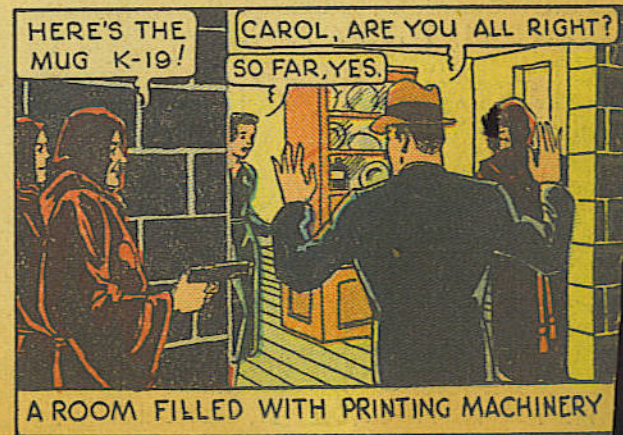
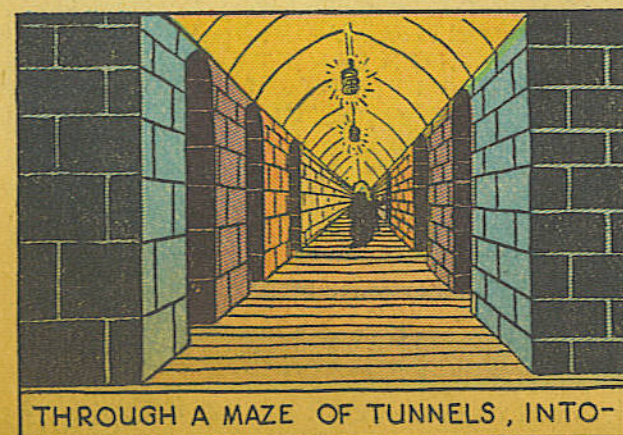
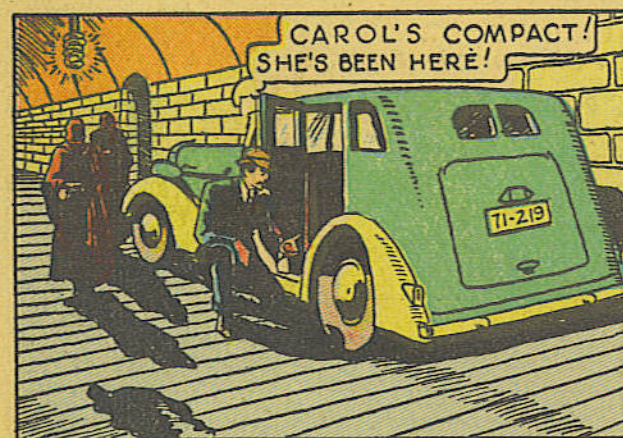
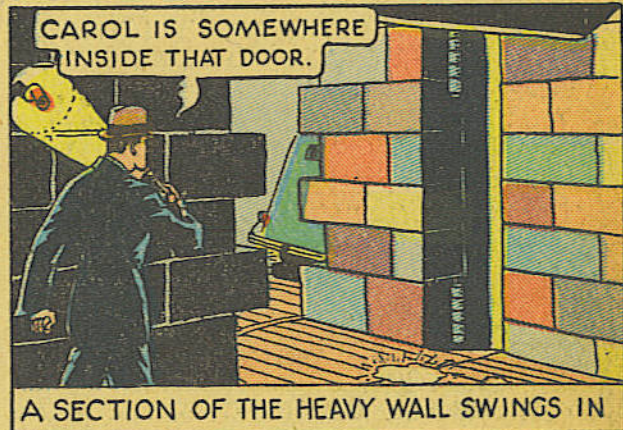
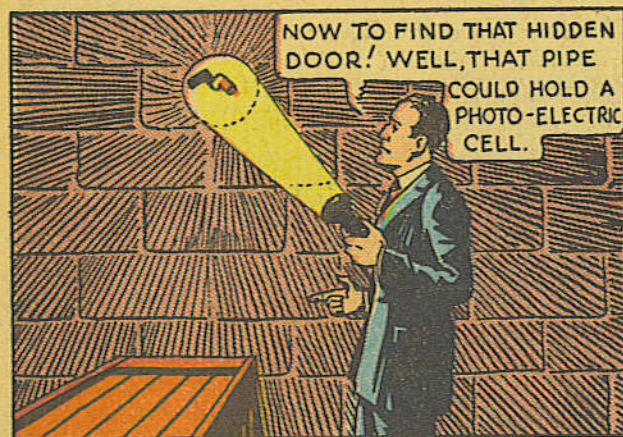
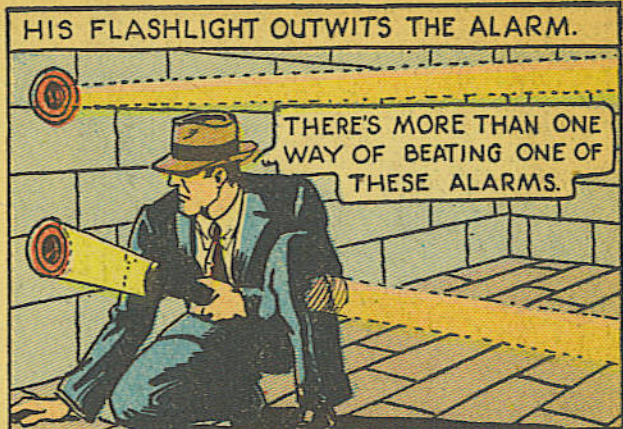
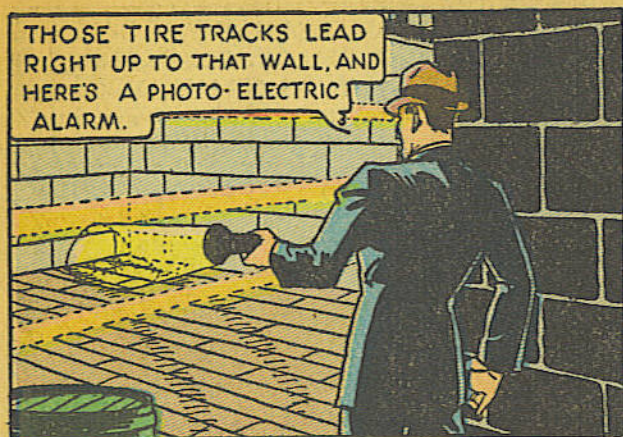
CRUMMY SECTION  
OF TOWN!

WHICH LEADS TO THE FACTORY SECTION.

GREASE ON THE FLOOR, AND FRESH, TOO!  
THERE'S BEEN A CAR  
HERE RECENTLY!

DEAN ENTERS A DESERTED GARAGE









NICE! COUNTERFEITING PLANT, SOUR-PUSS!

NEITHER YOU NOR THE GIRL WILL LIVE TO TELL OF IT.



AW, NOW WE CAN'T BLAST 'EM!

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, MASTER!

A REPRIEVE, AND AN INSPIRATION!



YOU TWO MEN MUST GO, BUT TIE DENTON UP TIGHT, FIRST.

DEAN'S VENTRILOQUISM DECEIVES THEM



THAT'LL HOLD HIM!

DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET OUT ALIVE

AND- ONE OF DEAN'S STAGE TRICKS WAS ESCAPE.



OH, DEAN!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?

AS SOON AS THE MEN LEAVE THE ROOM



DO YOU DIG UP THE PLATES FOR THAT PHONEY MONEY OR DO I SHOOT?

D-DONT SHOOT! I'LL GET THEM!

DEAN FORCES K-19 TO PRODUCE THE PLATES.



NOW, IF I ONLY KNEW HOW TO GET THROUGH THESE TUNNELS-

JUST BREAK THE LIGHTS! I SMEARED LUMINOUS PAINT ON EVERY TURN.

CAROL'S FORESIGHT SAVES THE DAY.



GOOD GIRL, CAROL! HANG ONTO THOSE PLATES. -AS FOR YOU SOUR-PUSS, THAT THING POKING AGAINST YOUR NECK'S A GUN! NOW MARCH!!

OUCH!

SO, BACK THROUGH THE MAZE-







A *Thurston Hunt* DETECTIVE STORY

# Pretty Face

By

ARTHUR PINAJIAN



GOOD GOSH! AND ALL IN A WEEK, TOO! SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE! SO FAR OUR EFFORTS HAVE BEEN FUTILE BUT WE MUST GET HIM! NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO NEXT!

CHIEF! HE'S GOT HER ---

--DORIS--MY FIANCÉ--SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE PRETTY FACE KILLER! **LOOK--**HE PASTED HIS SEAL ON THE FRONT DOOR--YE GODS-----DORIS IN THE HANDS OF THAT MANIAC -- HE'LL KILL HER!

STEADY, TOM, OL' BOY! HOW DID IT HAPPEN--TELL ME EVERYTHING!

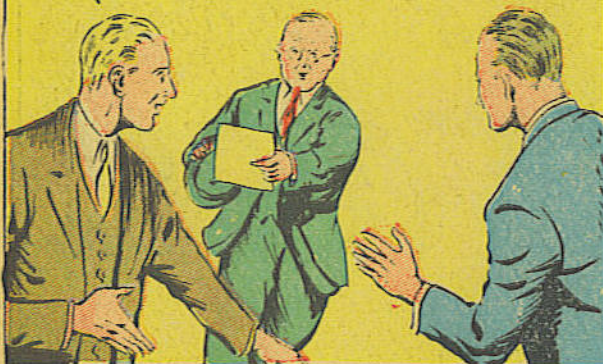




IT WAS THIS --  
GOOD GOSH-- IT'S  
DORIS' FATHER,  
GORDON JONES.  
THE BANKER--  
ANY NEWS OF  
DORIS, MR JONES!

TOM! THEY TOLD  
ME I'D FIND YOU  
HERE! I JUST RE-  
CEIVED THIS NOTE  
FROM THE KILLER--  
HE DEMANDS  
\$100,000

LET ME  
SEE  
THE  
NOTE.  
MR. JONES!



HERE IT IS,  
MR. HUNT! TOM,  
WE MUST PAY IT  
IMMEDIATELY!  
NO HARM MUST  
COME TO DORIS!

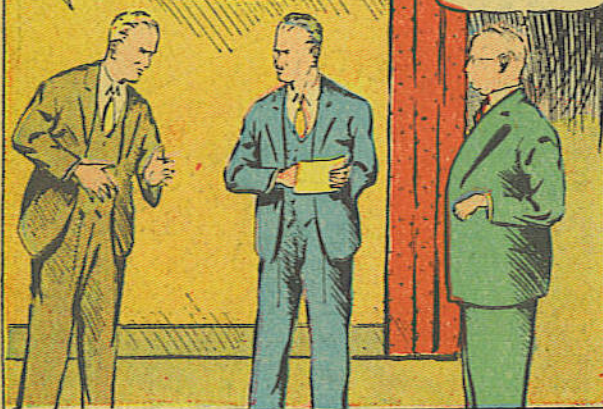
IT SAYS: MR JONES - IF YOU WANT  
YOUR DAUGHTER BACK UNHARMED  
ARRANGE TO HAVE SOMEONE  
DRIVE ALONE TO SMITHVILLE -  
TAKE THE NORTH ROAD AND STOP  
AT A LARGE OAK TREE TWO AND A  
HALF MILES FROM THE STATION!  
HAVE \$100,000 IN SMALL BILLS!  
A MAN WILL STOP HIM - GIVE HIM  
THE MONEY AND RIDE ON!  
IF YOU TELL THE POLICE  
YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.  
**PRETTY FACE**



I'D LIKE TO  
GET MY HANDS  
ON THAT  
**RAT-  
I'D--**

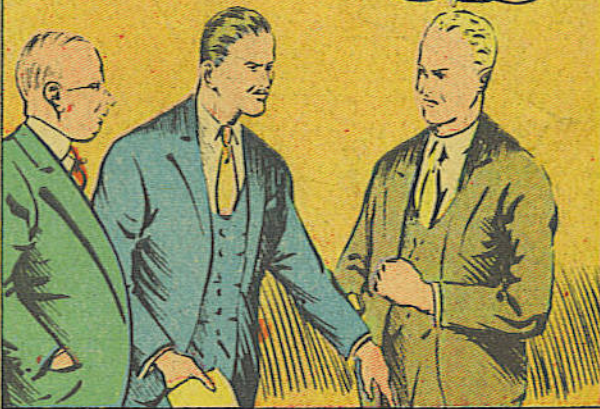
SO WOULD I, TOM!  
AND WE WILL! TOM,  
YOU'RE GOING TO  
TAKE THAT MONEY,  
YOURSELF ----AND  
I'LL BE WITH YOU!

THE MONEY  
IS READY,  
TOM! BUT  
HE MUST GO  
ALONE, MR.  
HUNT! THAT'S  
WHAT THE  
NOTE SAYS!



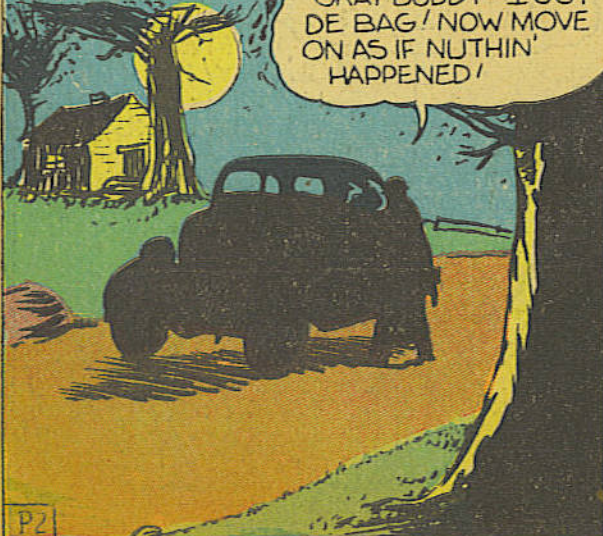
HE WILL BE ALONE,  
MR JONES--OUR FIRST  
CONSIDERATION IS YOUR  
DAUGHTER'S SAFETY!  
NOW--HERE'S MY  
PLAN....ETC....ETC!

SAY--I'M SO  
MAD NOW I  
COULD HANDLE  
THAT MOB ALONE.  
IF THEY HARM  
DORIS I'LL WIPE  
OUT THE WHOLE  
GANG!



**THAT NIGHT**

OKAY BUDDY--I GOT  
DE BAG! NOW MOVE  
ON AS IF NUTHIN'  
HAPPENED!



HE'S GOT THE  
MONEY--NOW  
TO TAIL HIM!





PUT 'EM UP,  
HIGH, FELLA!



YOU MUST THINK WE'RE DUMB, EH?  
YUH PARKS YER CAR A LITTLE WAYS  
DOWN AN' TAILS ME, PAL WHO YUH GAVE  
DE SWAG TO, HUH? YUH THINKS WE'RE  
NOT WATCHIN' YUH! MAYBE DE BOSS'LL  
PIPE DE GAL FER DAT! WE TOLD YOUSE  
NO FUNNY TRICKS! NOW—MOVE ON  
UP T' DE HOUSE!

HE'S TAKEN ME FOR  
TOM! I'LL HAVE TO GET  
RID OF HIM OR THEY'LL  
HARM DORIS!



GET UP NOW, MUG.  
I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS  
I WANT YOU TO ANSWER!

OW—MY HEAD  
WHERE AM I?



TAKE DAT!

ATTA BOY, MIKE  
JIST IN TIME!

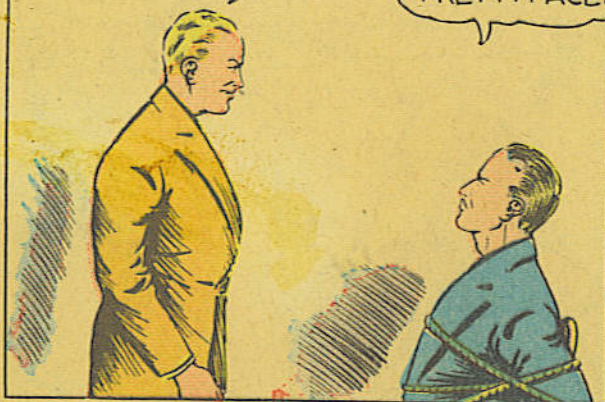




**NEXT  
MORNING**

COME IN HERE, SISTER, YORE  
BOY FRIEND'S COME TO!  
LISTEN, BUDDY I THOUGHT  
WE MADE IT CLEAR WHAT YUH WUZ  
SUPPOSED T' DO!

SO YOU'RE  
PRETTY FACE!



B-B-BUT-  
THIS ISN'T  
MY---

OH HO! DENYIN' IT SO WE  
WON'T CROAK 'IM EH? HE'S  
NOT SO BAD LOOKIN' 'IMSELF!  
O COURSE NUTHIN' LIKE ME  
BUT HE'LL DO IN A PINCH. EH?  
HA-HA-HA!

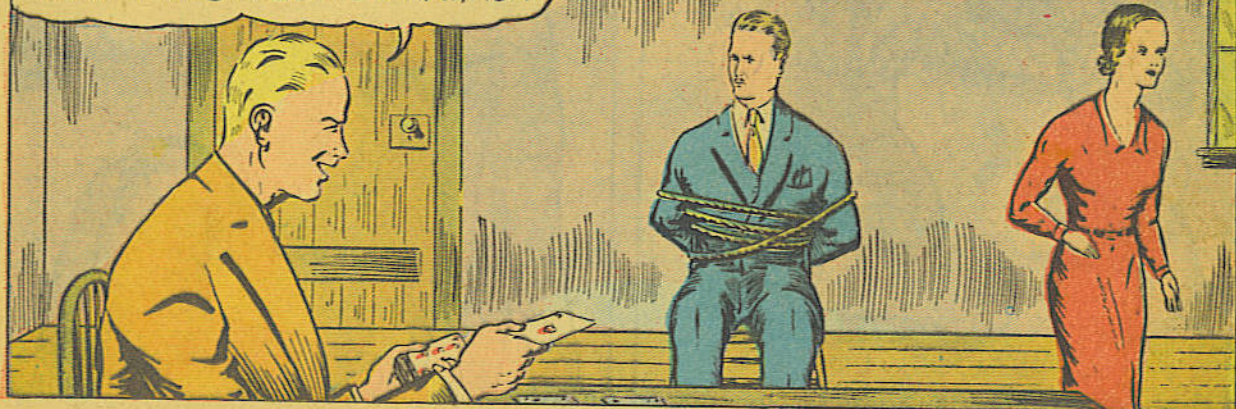
LISTEN MUG-  
IF YOU SO MUCH  
AS TOUCH HER  
I'LL ----



AS SOON AS MIKE AN' JOE  
GET BACK FROM TOWN WE'RE  
BUMPIN' OFF YOU TWO LOVE  
BIRDS AN' SKIPPIN' DIS JOINT!  
WE'LL BURN DOWN DE WHOLE  
SHACK WID YOU TWO IN - I  
THINK THAT'S A BETTER WAY, HUH?

PRETTY FACE, YOU'RE THE BIGGEST  
RAT I'VE EVER LAID EYES ON! YOU  
GOT THE MONEY - NOW LET US  
GO - WE'LL NOT SAY ANYTHING  
TO THE POLICE!

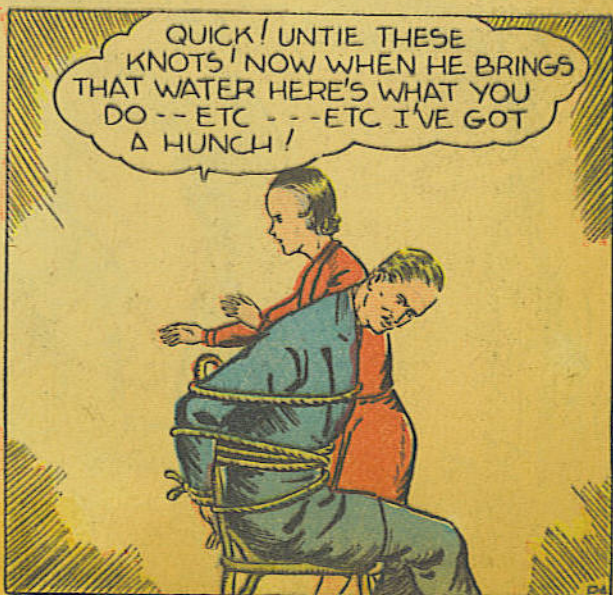
ER - I  
THINK I'LL  
GO FOR A  
GLASS OF  
WATER!



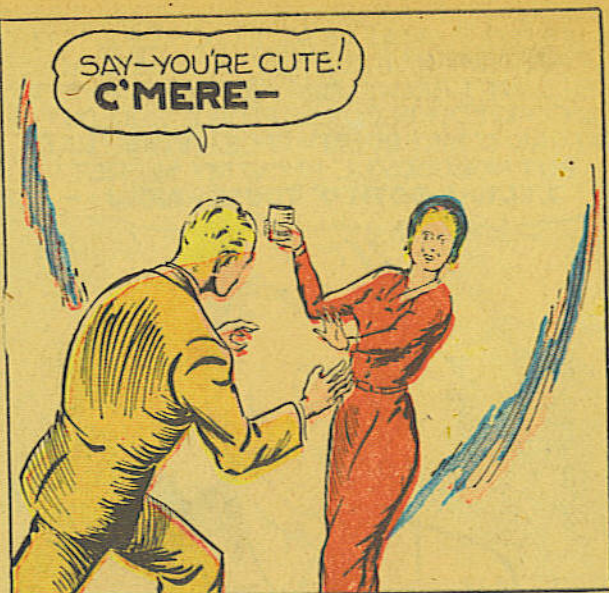
NO YUH DON'T, SISTER! YOUSE TWO  
STAY RIGHT HERE WHERE I COULD  
KEEP ME EYES ON YOUSE! I'M TAKIN'  
NO MORE CHANCES O' YUH ROAMIN'  
AROUND BY YUHSELF! I'M A GENTLE-  
MAN SO I'LL GET YUH DAT WATER  
MESELF! I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!



QUICK! UNTIE THESE  
KNOTS! NOW WHEN HE BRINGS  
THAT WATER HERE'S WHAT YOU  
DO -- ETC --- ETC I'VE GOT  
A HUNCH!







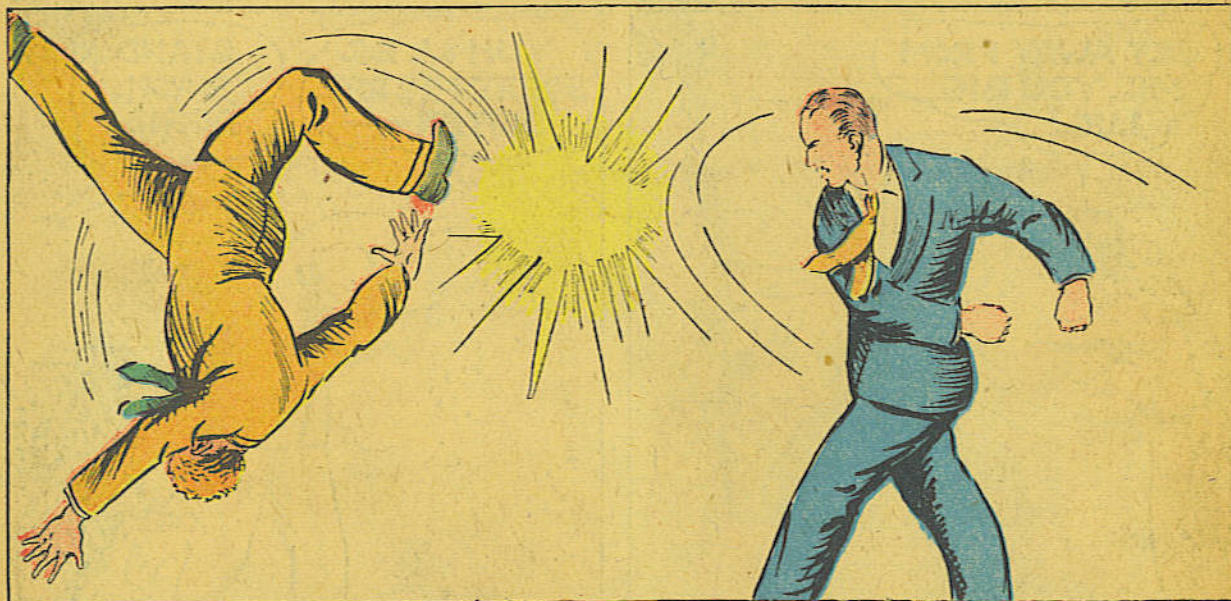
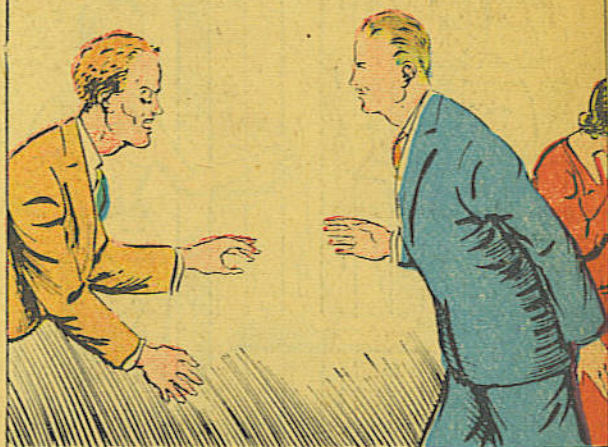


NOW DO YUH SEE WHAT I LOOK LIKE? MY FACE WAS BURNED OFF IN A WAREHOUSE FIRE AN' I BIN WEARING A LIFELIKE MASK O' A GOOD LOOKIN' GUY SO PEOPLE WOULDN'T BE AFRAID O' ME! PRETTY FACE-HA! HA! HA!! BUT NOBUDDY'LL KNOW MY SECRET! I'LL KILL BOTH O' YOUSE - NOW--



YER BOY FRIEND FIRST!

OH-HOW HORRIBLE!



I'LL GIT YUH FER DAT!

LOOKOUT- HE'S GOT A GUN!



STOP WHERE YOU ARE, PRETTY FACE, I'M THE LAW-YOURE COMING WITH ME!

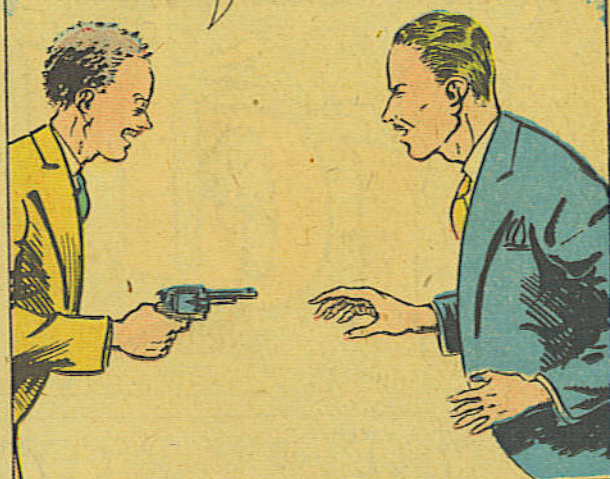
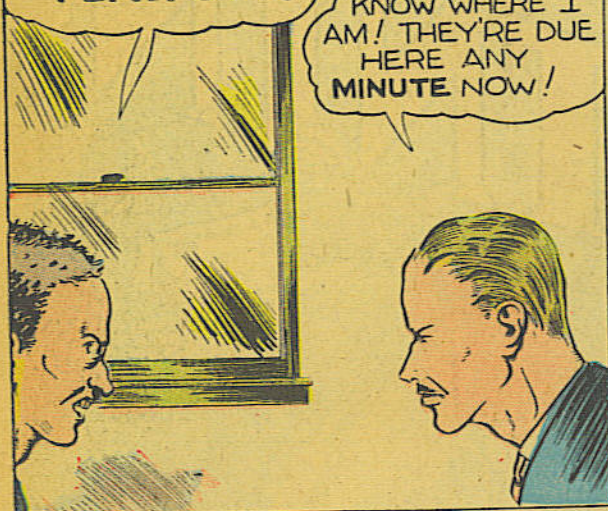




**WHAT-A COPPER?**  
I SHOULDA THOUGHT  
O' DAT FROM DE START!  
ME FINGER IS ITCHIN',  
**FLATFOOT!**

YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH IT,  
PRETTYFACE!  
THE POLICE  
KNOW WHERE I  
AM! THEY'RE DUE  
HERE ANY  
MINUTE NOW!

**SAY YER PRAYERS,  
COPPER,  
HERE GOES -**



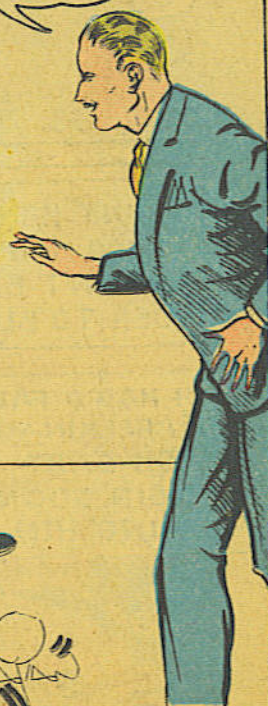
**DORIS - CHIEF -  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT??**

**TOM - OH  
DARLING!**

**GOOD BOY, TOM,  
JUST IN THE  
NICK OF TIME!**



**AN' WE GOT  
THE OTHER  
TWO  
OUTSIDE,  
HUNT!**



**THE END**



# "66 LIGHTNIN'"

MATT CRAWFORD  
KNEW A RANGE  
TRICK THAT WAS  
UNBEATABLE

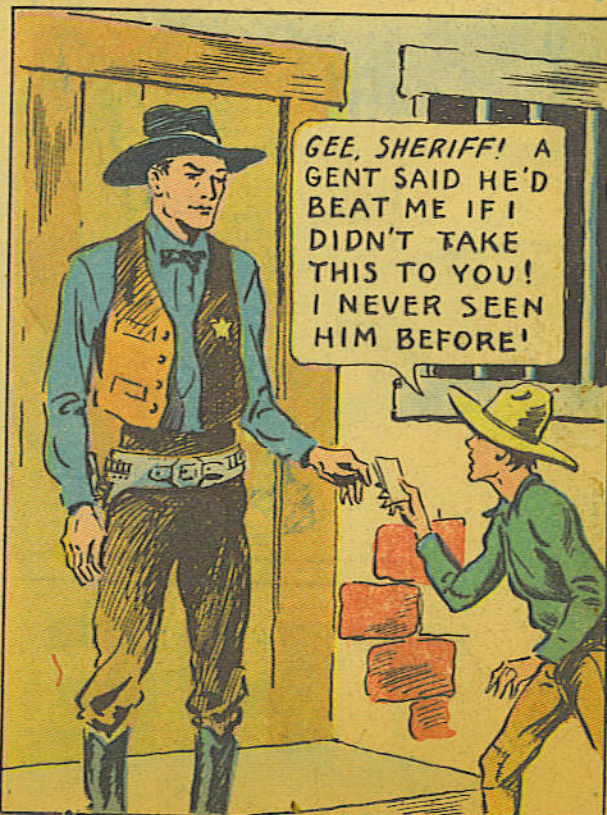
By *H. David &  
W.M. Allison*

YUH CAIN'T HANG ME, CRAWFORD.  
I GOT TOO MANY FRIENDS. YORE  
LIFE WON'T BE WORTH THE  
POWDER TO BLOW IT TO HELL!

YUH HAD A FAIR TRIAL.  
AN' I RECKIN YORE BROTHER,  
BLACK BART WILL BE  
HANGIN' SOON — WHEN  
I BRING HIM IN!



GEE, SHERIFF! A  
GENT SAID HE'D  
BEAT ME IF I  
DIDN'T TAKE  
THIS TO YOU!  
I NEVER SEEN  
HIM BEFORE!



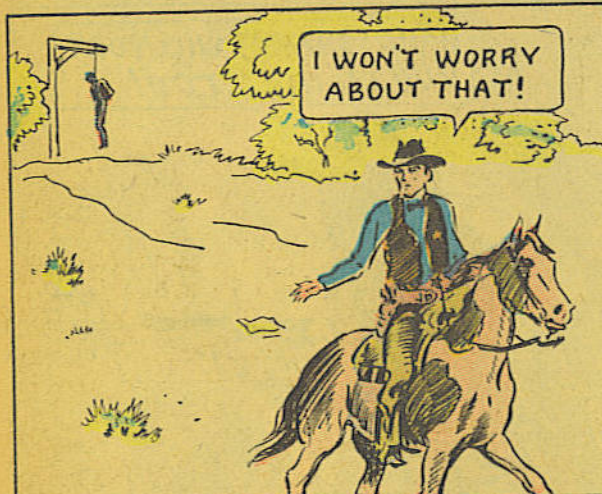


Matt Crawford  
If Snake hangs  
yore life wont be  
with the rope yore  
And if yore still in  
town after four days  
you'll be a corpse  
on the fifth  
Black Bart

THANKS, SON. I'LL TEND  
TO IT. SAY, WILL YUH  
STABLE LIGHTNIN' FOR  
ME? HE ALWAYS GIT'S  
FLIGHTY WHEN IT  
RAINS.

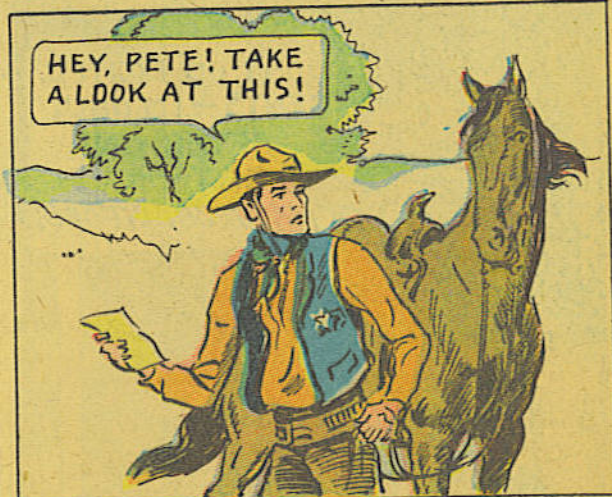
DOES HE  
ALLUS LEAP  
WHEN IT  
THUNDERS?

YES, AN' HE  
ALLUS HEADS  
FOR HOME!



I WON'T WORRY  
ABOUT THAT!

SHERIFF CRAWFORD THROWS  
AWAY THE THREATENING NOTE

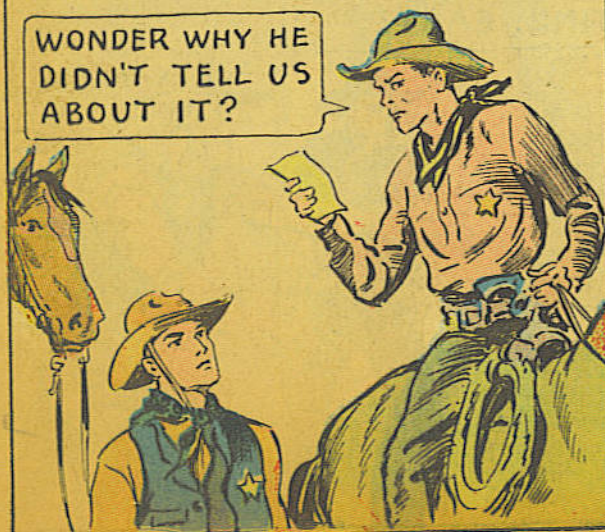


HEY, PETE! TAKE  
A LOOK AT THIS!

WHICH IS PICKED UP BY DEPUTY-  
SHERIFF'S LUKE MASTERS —

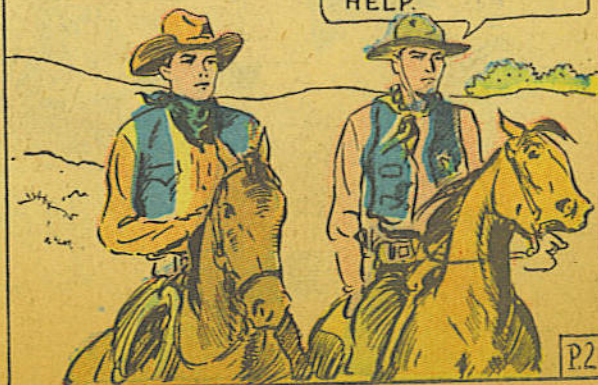
AND PETE SMALL

WONDER WHY HE  
DIDN'T TELL US  
ABOUT IT?



AW, SHUCKS, IT'S JUST  
ANOTHER THREAT—  
HE GIT'S PLENTY  
OF EM!

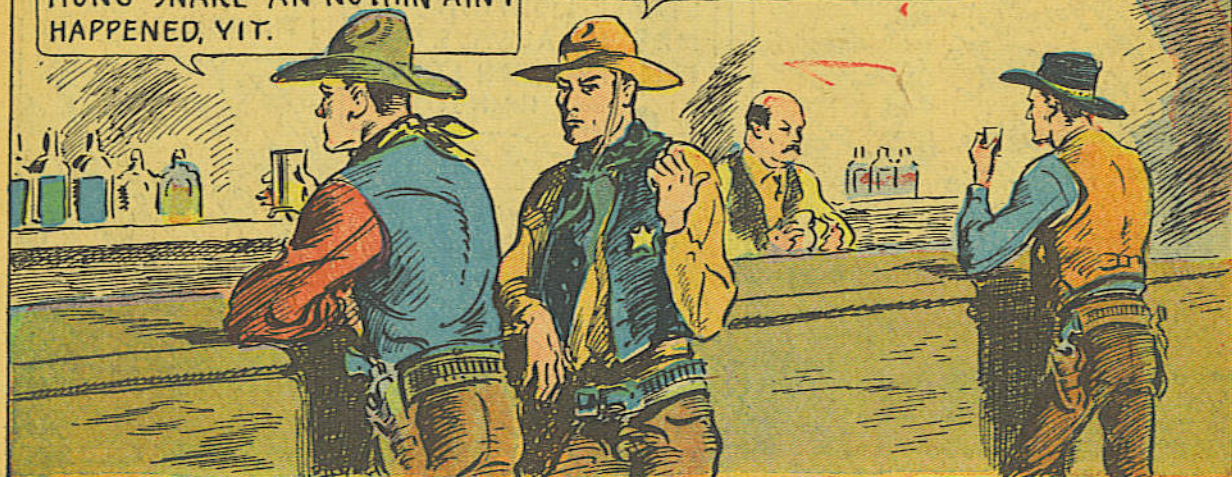
MEBBESO, MEBBESO—  
BUT I AIM T'KEEP  
A WEATHER EYE  
PEELED FUR HIM.  
HE MIGHT NEED  
HELP.





RECKIN' YUH WAS WRONG, LUKE.  
IT'S TWO DAYS SINCE WE  
HUNG "SNAKE" AN' NUTHIN' AIN'T  
HAPPENED, YIT.

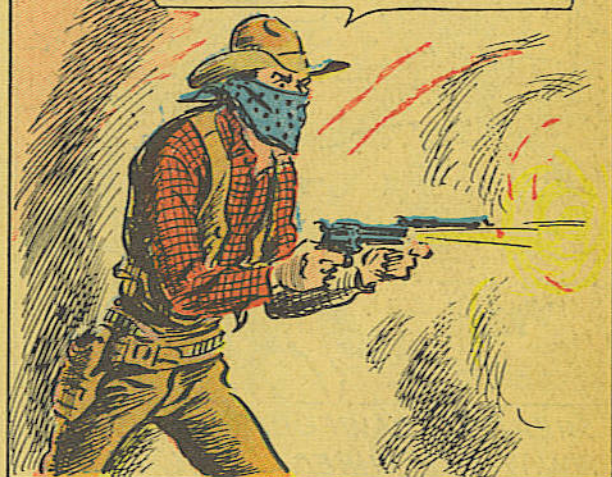
DUNNO, PETE - YUH NOTICE  
HE'S PACKIN' TWO GUNS!



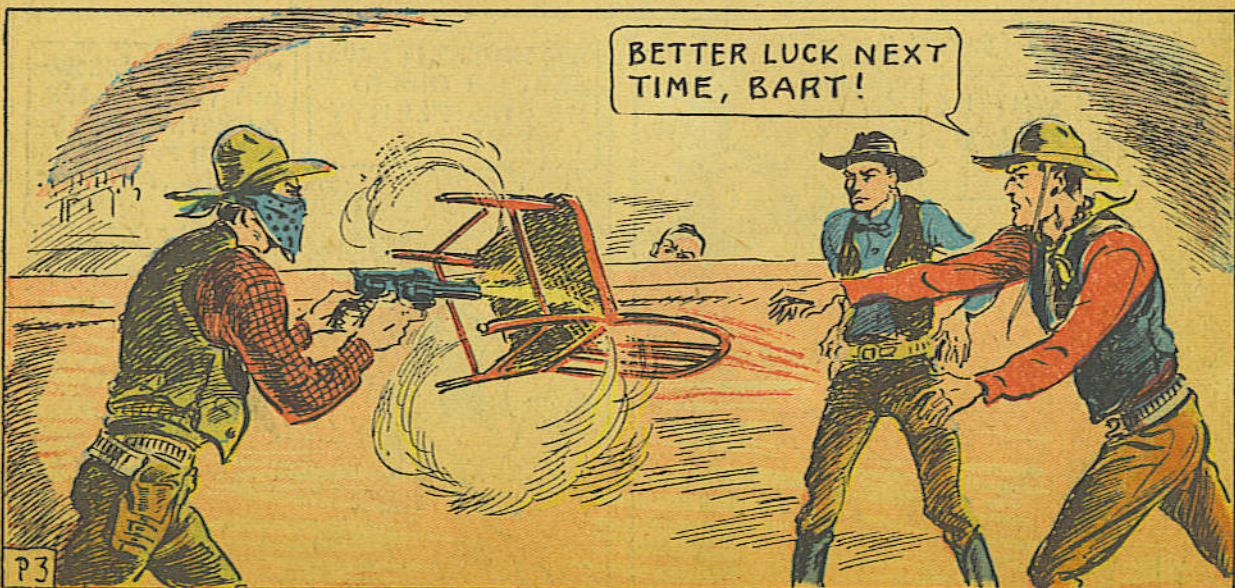
DON'T GIT EXCITED,  
GENTS - I'M ONLY  
AFTER ONE  
RAT -  
MATT CRAWFORD!



HANG "SNAKE," WILL YUH?  
YUH'LL DIE, TOO!



BETTER LUCK NEXT  
TIME, BART!

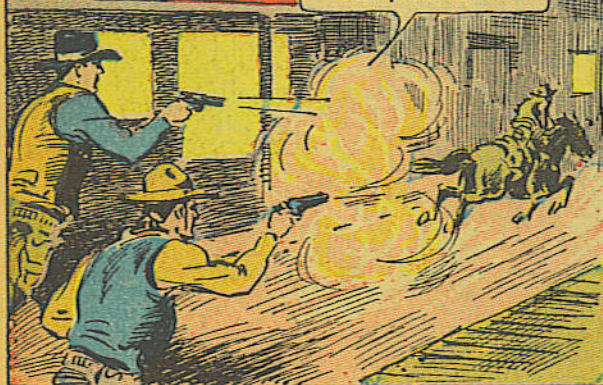




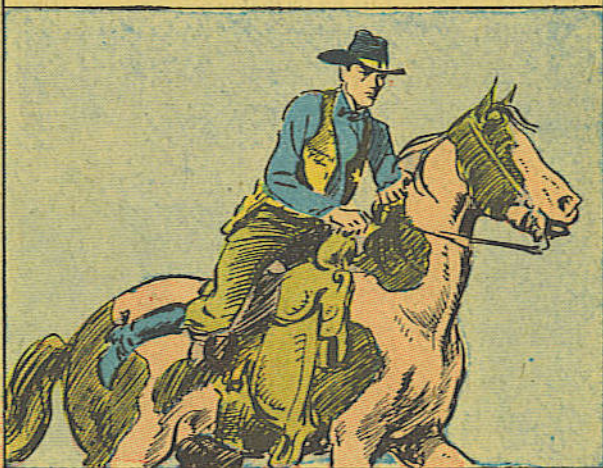
THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, LUKE!  
I COULD ALMOST HEAR HARPS  
A PLAYIN'!

DRUGS

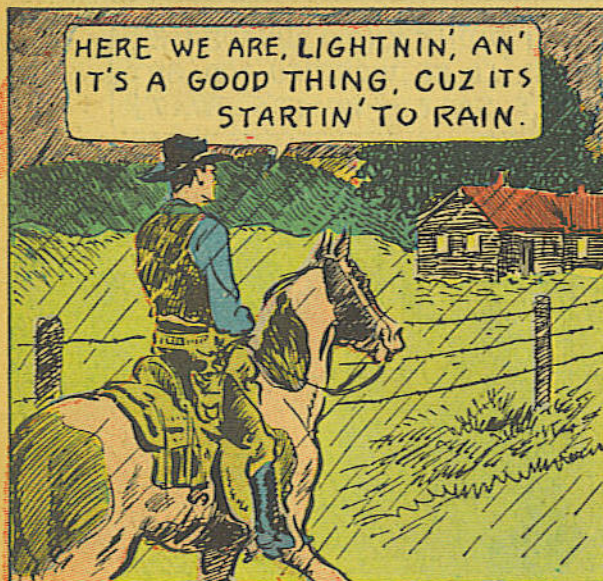
WE'LL GIT HIM  
YET, MATT!



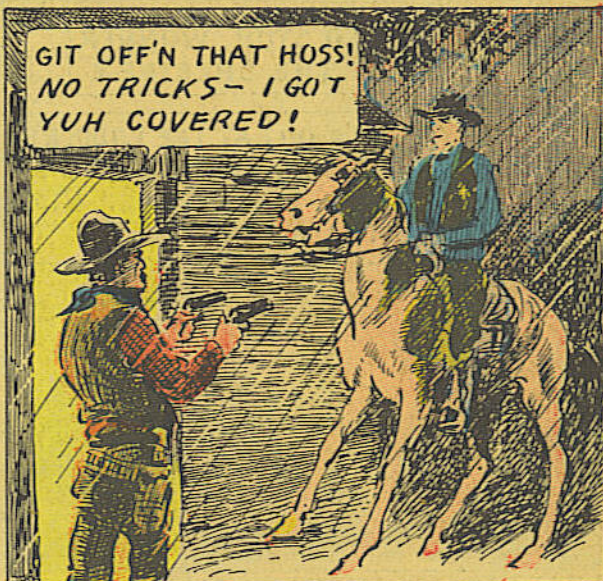
LATE NEXT AFTERNOON, THE SHERIFF  
GET'S A CALL TO THE WIDOW  
DAWSON'S HOME. SHE NEEDS HIS  
ADVICE IN SETTLING SOME PAPERS.



HERE WE ARE, LIGHTNIN', AN'  
IT'S A GOOD THING, CUZ ITS  
STARTIN' TO RAIN.



GIT OFF'N THAT HOSS!  
NO TRICKS - I GOT  
YUH COVERED!



I MIGHTA' KNOWN THIS WAS  
ONE OF YOUR TRICKS, BART.







YEAH, WE GOT THE WIDDER TIED IN THE BACK ROOM. AN' WE'RE HANGIN' YUH AT DAWN JEST LIKE YUH DID MY BROTHER!



BUILD UP THAT FIRE, BASS. THE RAIN'S MAKIN' IT COLD IN HERE.



WISH THE RAIN'D STOP. WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' THE SHERIFF?

HE'S OUT AT THE WIDDER'S. HE SAID THE BUSINESS WILL LIKELY KEEP HIM 'TILL MORNIN'



IF I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HE WAS, I'D BE WORRIED TOO. BUT HE'S SAFE—WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE A HOSS — LET'S GO SEE!



WHY, IT'S LIGHTNIN'! HE'S COME HOME IN THE RAIN. AN' SAY—LOOK AT THIS!



I HOPE WE AIN'T TOO LATE!

AT LEAST IT'S STOPPED  
RAININ'.



THEY'VE SPOTTED US! I'M NICKED!

QUICK! OVER IN  
THOSE ROCKS!



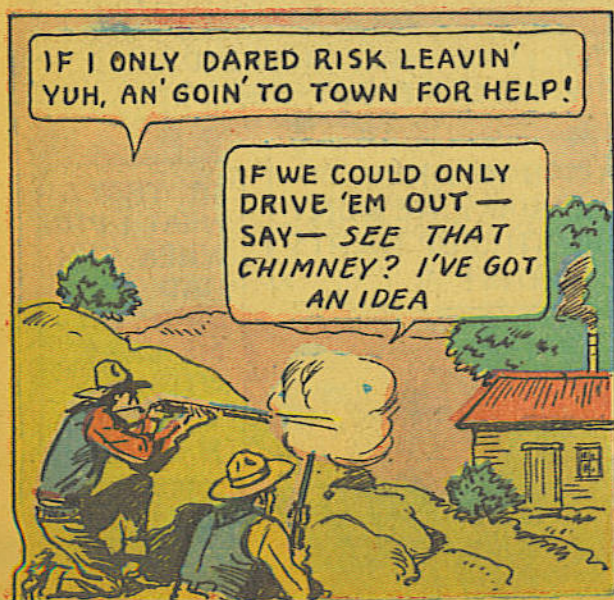
THREE HOURS AN' WE AIN'T GITTIN' NOWHERE!  
WONDER IF MATT'S STILL ALIVE!

IF HE WAS WHEN WE GOT HERE, HE  
STILL IS. THEY'LL FIGURE NOW THEY  
MIGHT NEED HIM TO PARLEY WITH.



IF I ONLY DARED RISK LEAVIN'  
YUH, AN' GOIN' TO TOWN FOR HELP!

IF WE COULD ONLY  
DRIVE 'EM OUT —  
SAY — SEE THAT  
CHIMNEY? I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA



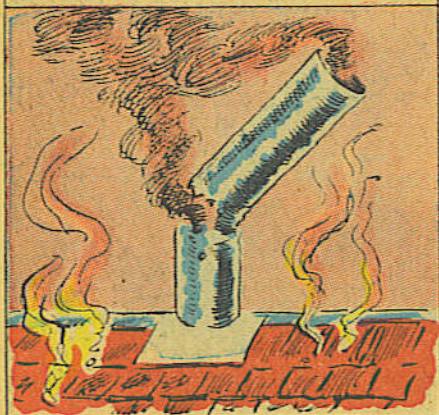
I DON'T GIT YUH, LUKE!

A FIRE WOULD  
DRIVE 'EM OUT  
WOULDN'T IT?



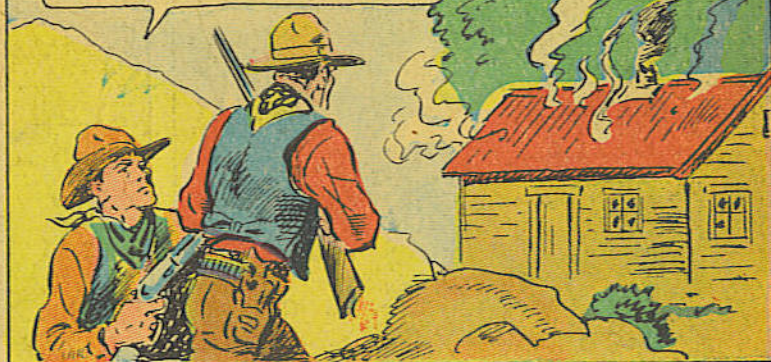


A FEW WELL PLACED  
SHOTS, AND THE ROOF,  
DRIED BY THE HOT SUN  
CATCHES FIRE FROM,  
THE SPARK



I GUESS THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!

YEAH, BUT KEEP DOWN!  
WE'LL SNEAK UP!

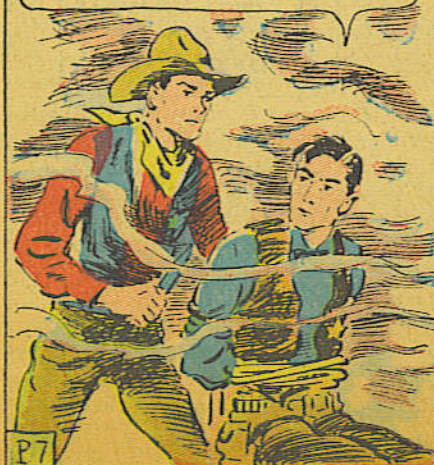


PETE, GO GIT MATT, IF  
HE'S STILL ALIVE!

KEEP 'EM UP GENTS - THIS  
IS YORE FINISH!



I'M ALL RIGHT - GIT THE  
WIDDER IN THE BACK  
ROOM!



YUH GOT ME LUKE - BUT HOW DID  
YUH KNOW TO COME OUT HERE?

WHEN A MAN MAY HEV TO  
RIDE IN A HURRY HE DON'T  
TIE UP HIS STIRRUP IN HIS  
REINS!

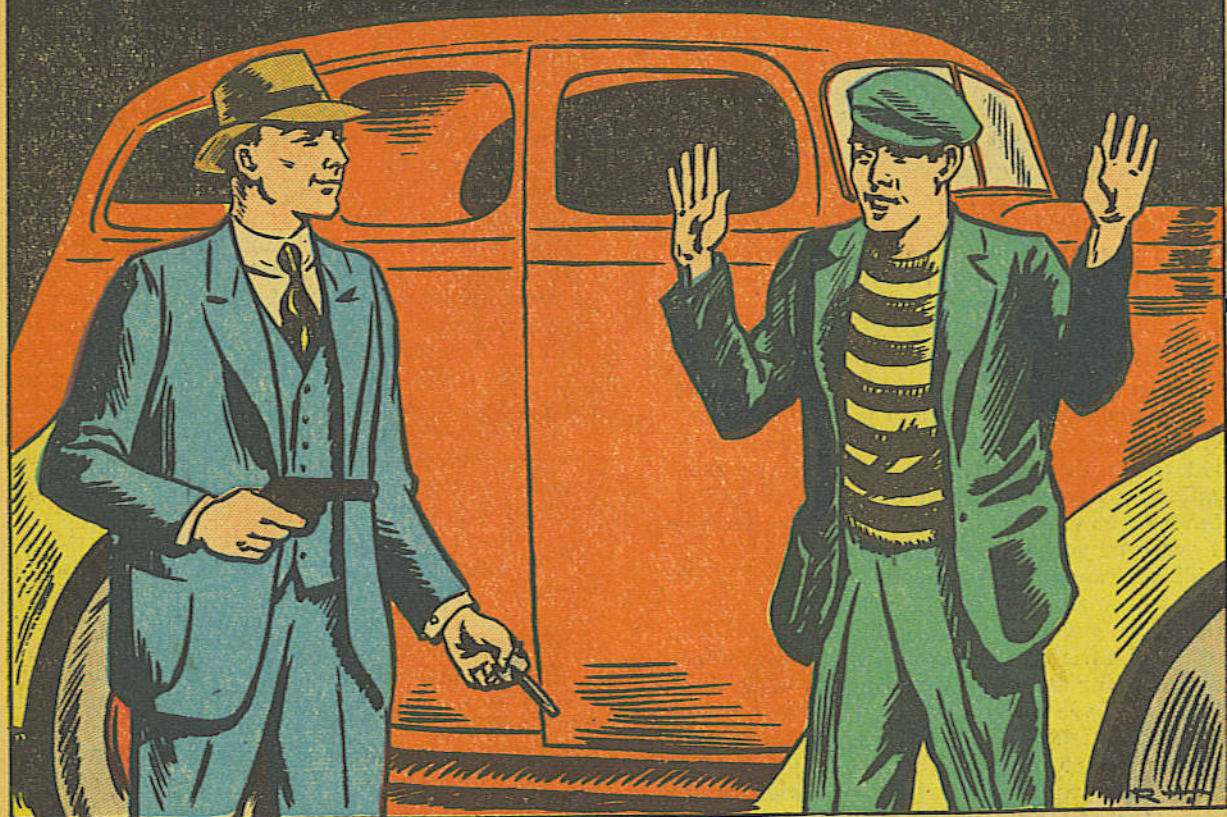
AN' THAT'S  
WHAT I DID  
WHEN YUH  
HAD THE  
DROP ON  
ME LAST  
NIGHT.  
COME ON,  
BAD MAN!





# DATE WITH DEATH

BY LARRIE MAY.



**R**ICHARD ARCHIBALD WARD, (known to his friends as "Dick") sat in the office of Police Chief O'Connor. The Chief had called for Ward because there was something big in the wind. Every one on the force knew young Dick.

For three years he had been top man on the squad, ever since his pal and teacher Old Bill Hendricks had been taken for a one way ride by the East Sides toughest mob. Joe Scarelli had been the big shot of that outfit. But now Scarelli, too, had gone for a ride. He had been tried and found guilty of first degree murder as a result of the Hendricks case. Yes, Scarelli was gone, and so were most of that old gang, but there still were a few who remained. Small fry they had been, but now they had become a major problem for the Police Department. All this passed through Dick Ward's mind as he sat across the desk from the Chief, and heard him talk of the new job that lay before them.

"Ward", said O'Connor, "you have been a Detective for nearly five years now. You have gone through some pretty bad experiences, and some pretty good ones, too, but today I'm asking you to take the toughest case that we've had in a heck of a while. You remember that Scarelli mob that we cleaned up about three years ago, and you probably remember some of

the boys who were with him at the time. They were small boys then, but they've grown up. Small fry to big shots in three years. They've learned the tricks of their rotten game, and they're playing for keeps."

"I understand so far, Chief, but what's the dope? I suppose you're talking about Bob Crawley, and Jack Nanetti. Is that right?"

"It sure is right, Dick, and here's the dope."

**A**BOUT three months ago we started getting complaints from some of the manufacturers down town. They were crying all over us, because a lot of their employees were getting hopped up over the week ends, and after a little while they seemed to be groggy all the time. Their work fell off, and naturally they got sore, and fired a mob of the offenders. They would have done it sooner they said, only they thought it was a temporary thing. But that's not the point. Here's the big item. A few days after they had laid off these poor saps, a couple of strong arm men came to their places, and told them that they'd better hire them back or else."

"I think I get it Chief. You mean these guys were sore because their customers were out of dough, and with no place to get it from, so they thought that they'd put the bee on the manufacturers."



## When a Detective Is Taken For His Last Ride He Must Think Or Die.

"That's exactly right, Ward. Until now it hasn't been anything but a routine job, but last night Walter Gilmore, he's the owner of one of the factories, got a note from these fellows saying that unless he plays their game he isn't going to be living much longer. Our preliminary investigations make us think that Crawley and Nanetti are behind this thing. You're to bring those men in. Any questions?"

"Just one, Chief", answered Dick Ward, "when do I start?"

"You've already started, Dick, and good luck." He smiled proudly as Dick left the room. What a great kid, he mumbled.

**WITHIN** a few days Dick Ward realized what he was up against. The Chief had sure been right about this being a tough job, but he hadn't come anywhere near the truth when he had only said tough. It was without a doubt the most dangerous assignment that he had ever had. A Rendezvous with Death seemed waiting for him at every move he made.

This Crawley and Nanetti crowd certainly meant business. The first day that Ward was on the job he got a note telling him to lay off. The note didn't frighten Dick, but the fact that Crawley and Nanetti knew that he was after them did. He'd have to be extra careful now or take the consequences. But the gang was getting away with too much and Dick was going to do his best to stop it. Smuggling narcotics, selling them, threatening murder, that was going too far.

"Taxi, Mr?"

"No thanks—Yes, I guess I will. 89th and 1st. No hurry."

Dick Ward made himself as comfortable as possible. He had a nice long ride in front of him, and he knew it wasn't going to end up at 89th and 1st. He had changed his mind about taking the taxi because he had noticed just before he got in that in the car directly behind it was one of the Crawley-Nanetti trigger men. The trigger man had been hiding behind a newspaper, but it was poor bluff at reading. Just as Dick thought the car started to follow them almost immediately. Good. By now the cab was going quite fast and Dick thought it was time to call the driver's game.

"Excuse me, driver, but aren't you going in the wrong direction?" questioned Dick.

"You're right, buddy. We're going for a nice ride to the country." The driver continued, "you don't mind do you? And just in case you should, take a look behind us."

"What is this? A kidnap?" pretended Dick.

"Listen wise guy, we're on to you. You're going to see the boss, and after that I guess you're not going to see anything."

"Who is the boss?" asked Dick.

"Bob Crawley. I guess it won't hurt to tell."

This gave Dick an idea. "I thought that Jack Nanetti was the big shot."

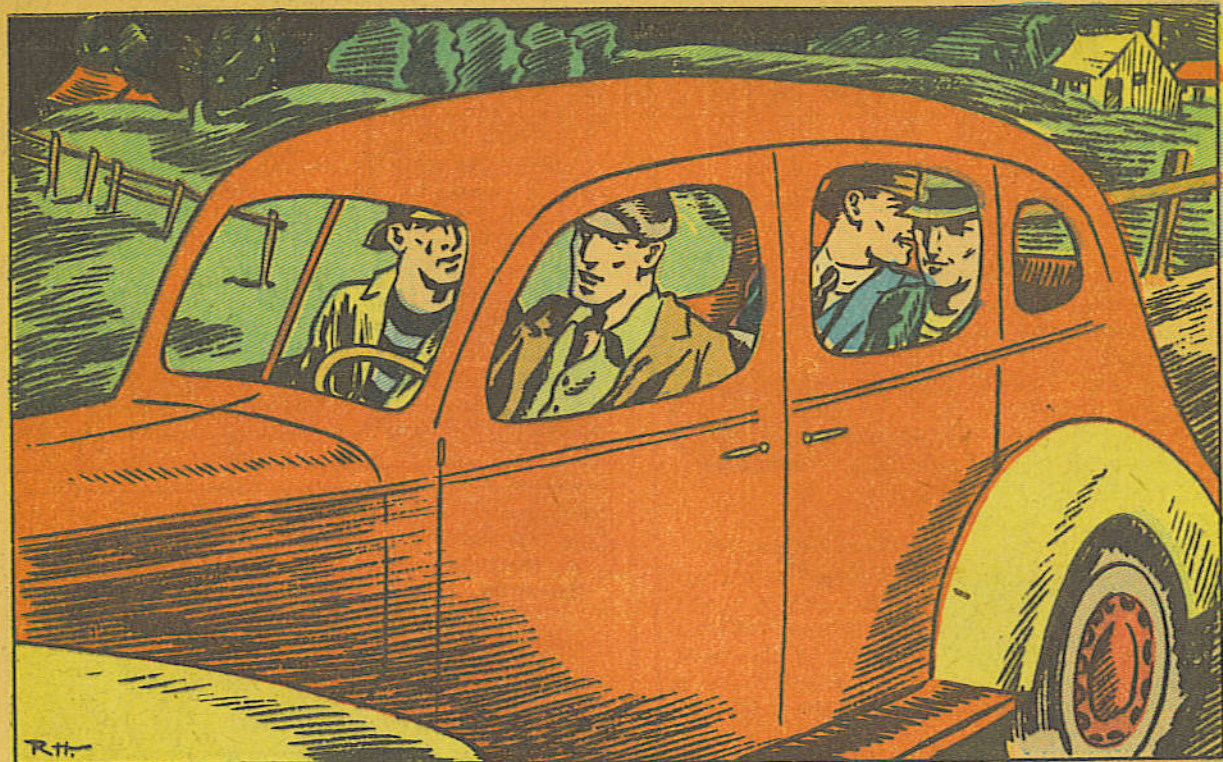
"Naw, he's all washed up, but he don't know it see. Hey, what am I talking to you for? Shut up will you."

Dick had heard all he wanted to.



"EXCUSE ME, DRIVER, BUT AREN'T YOU GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION?"





*"YOU'RE BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDE, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT"*

THINGS went off just about the way Dick had figured them. He was taken to see Crawley and Nanetti. After an insulting session with them he was told to get ready for his last ride.

"What about you doing the job, Jack?" said Crawley.

"Well I ain't done this kind of a job in a long time, Bob, but it'll be a pleasure to put this snooper out of the way." Little did Nanetti realize what was in store for him as he said those words.

"Joe", said Crawley, "You and Dave go with Jack. We don't want to have no slip ups, see."

Things were working perfectly, thought Dick. Dave and Joe were in the front seat of the sedan. They were driving plenty fast on a lonely country road.

"Listen, Nanetti", whispered Dick, "you're being taken for a ride, too, in case you don't know it." The roar of the motor kept the men in the front seat from hearing.

"What do you mean, copper? Speak fast or I'll plug you right here."

"Just this, Nanetti," answered Dick, "I got the low down coming out to your place. That dumb cabbie spilled the beans. Crawley's putting the cross on you. He wants you out of the way so he can have the gravy all to himself."

"That dirty rat", snarled Nanetti, "and I thought he was a square guy." He thought quickly, leaned forward, and said:

"Hey, Joe. Stop the car a minute will you. I got some business to attend to."

JOE laughed as he applied the brakes. The car came to a stop. "Now listen you guys," an-

nounced Nanetti, "I got the goods on you and Crawley. Both of you get out of the car. I got you covered, and a funny thing; it's going to be your last ride and not mine."

"What do you mean, Jack," they whimpered. "We always played you right." Hot spray from an automatic pistol answered their pleading. As they slumped to the ground Nanetti turned to Dick Ward who had sat watching from the car. "I guess I fixed those rats," said Nanetti, "and you next copper. Get out of that car."

Ward started out of the car door, and then hesitated a moment as though his coat were caught. Then he stumbled toward the waiting gangster. Sharply he said, "Drop that toy of yours Nanetti. I've got a brand new one of my own, and incidentally I'll remind you I'm one of the best shots on the squad."

As Nanetti's hands went into the air, his automatic hit the ground with a thud. "Where'd you get that rod?", he snarled.

Dick Ward suddenly reached for the ground. He got Nanetti's gun just in time.

"So that was your game, you lousy copper. I'll get you if it's the last thing I do," screamed Nanetti. He was purple with rage.

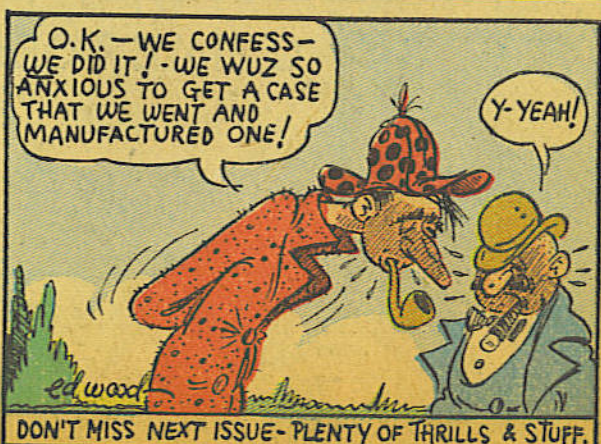
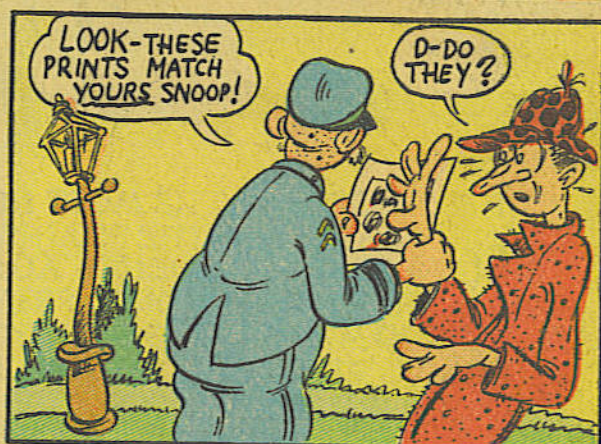
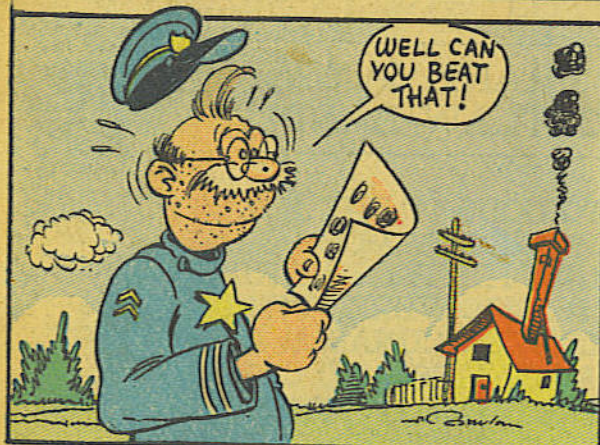
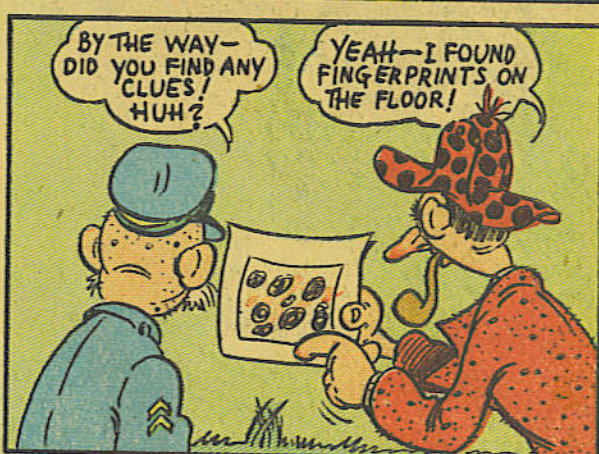
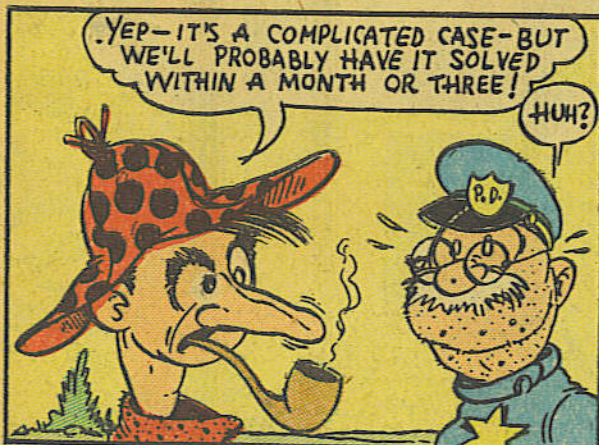
Dick Ward smiled calmly as he waved Nanetti to the car. In his right hand was Nanetti's pistol, in his left a door handle from the car. It did look like a dangerous weapon when all you could see of it was the bright reflection of polished metal in the dark. "I guess I'll keep this new toy of mine for a long long time," murmured Dick, "it makes a good souvenir."

THE END



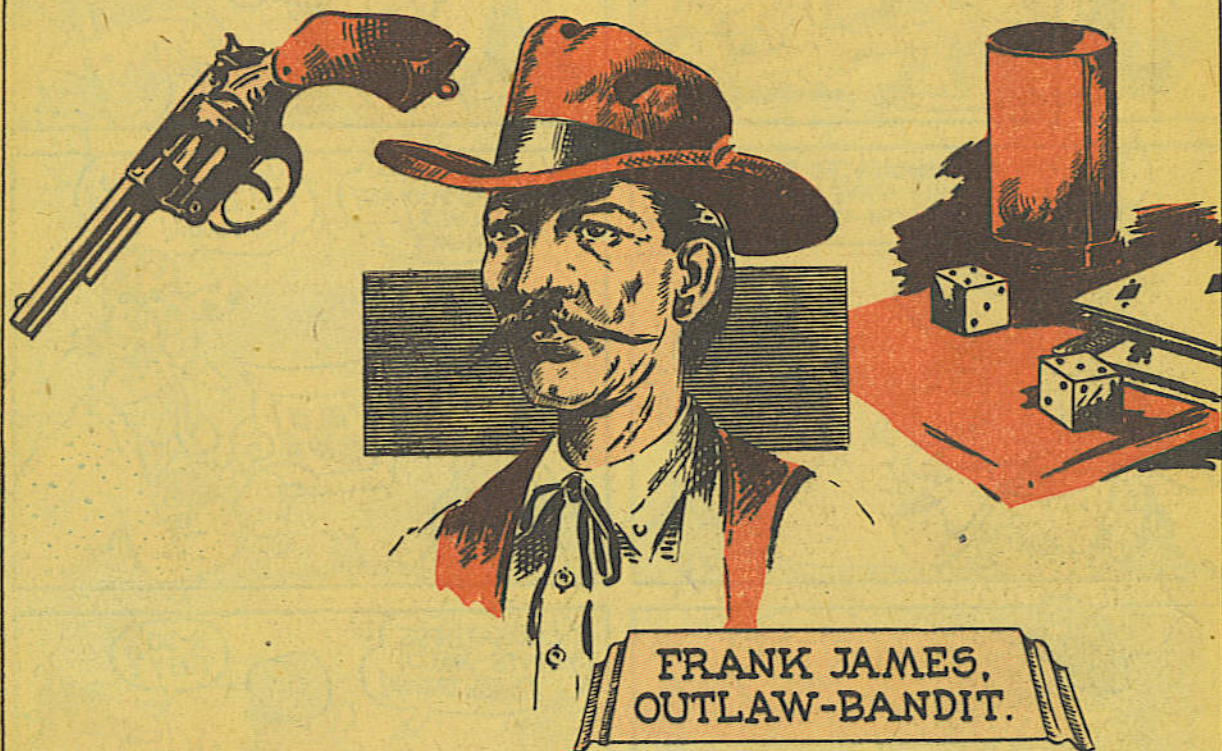








# *Crime* DOESN'T PAY



WHILE JESSE WAS THE MOST NOTORIOUS OF THE JAMES BOYS, FRANK WAS REALLY THE BRAINS OF THE INFAMOUS GANG. TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST HIS PALS, HE RECEIVED ONLY A PRISON TERM. ONCE FREE, HE DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS A MARKED MAN AMONG HONEST CITIZENS. UNABLE TO GET WORK, HE RESORTED TO POOLROOMS, CRAP GAMES, AND CARDS FOR HIS MEAGRE LIVELIHOOD. HIS WRETCHED EXISTENCE AND DEPLORABLE END PROVES ONCE AGAIN THAT—

**CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!!**





# Gold of Destiny

featuring **ROCKY BAIRD**

A COMPLETE STORY ~

by **PAUL J. LAURETTA**

SAN FRANCISCO:

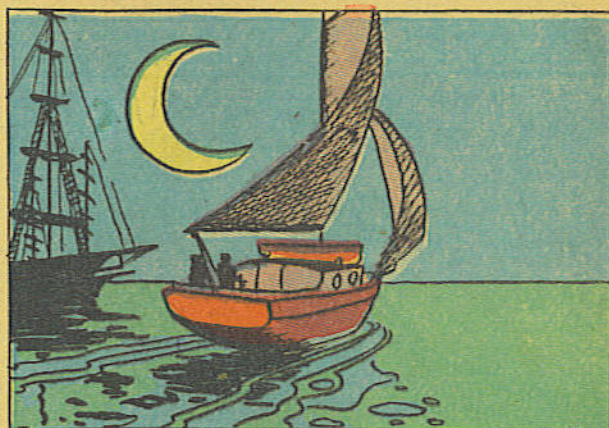
SAY, PARDNER, IF YA TAKE ME TO A SOUTH SEA ISLAND IN YOUR SLOOP HERE, I'LL SPLIT A PIRATE TREASURE THAT'S HIDDEN THERE WITH YOU!!

HUM! HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE'S TREASURE ON THIS ISLAND?

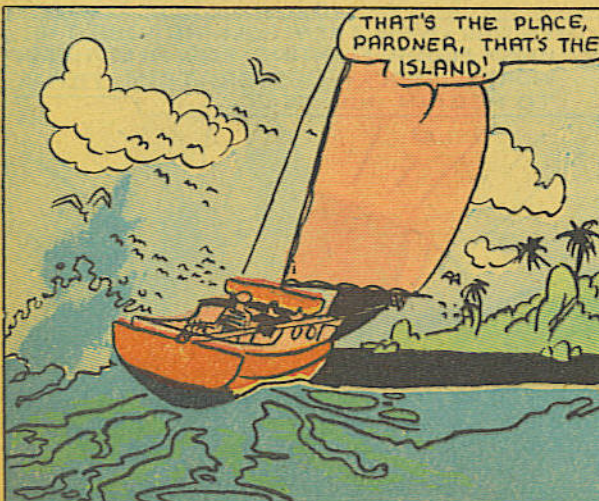
A DYING SAILOR TOLD ME ABOUT IT. IT'S SOME-PLACE IN AN OLD PIRATE FORTRESS ON THE ISLAND. I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE TO LOOK FOR IT, BUT HAD NO LUCK. NOW I'M BROKE AND WOULD LIKE TO SEARCH FOR IT AGAIN IF YOU TAKE ME...WE MAY COME BACK RICH!!!

OK. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

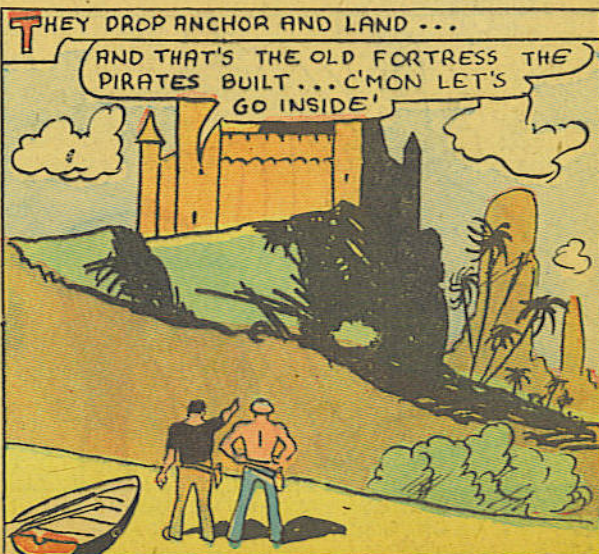
JUST CALL ME BRUTE... BRUTE BRANSOM!



AND THAT VERY NIGHT THE SLOOP SILENTLY SLIPS OUT OF THE HARBOR CARRYING ROCKY BAIRD AND BRUTE BRANSOM IN SEARCH OF FABULOUS PIRATE TREASURE.



THAT'S THE PLACE, PARDNER, THAT'S THE ISLAND!



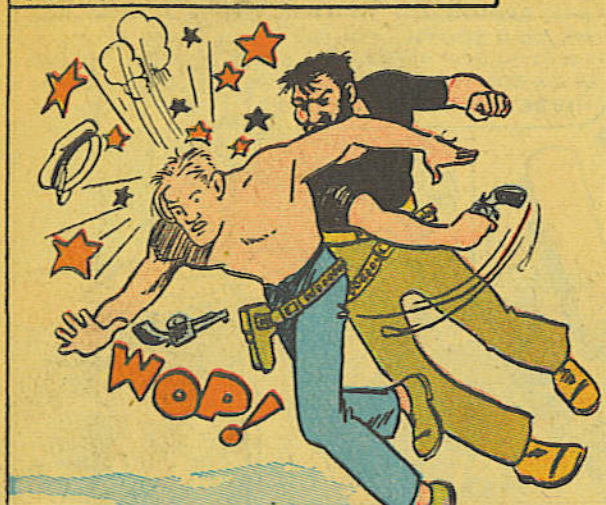
THEY DROP ANCHOR AND LAND...

AND THAT'S THE OLD FORTRESS THE PIRATES BUILT... C'MON LET'S GO INSIDE!

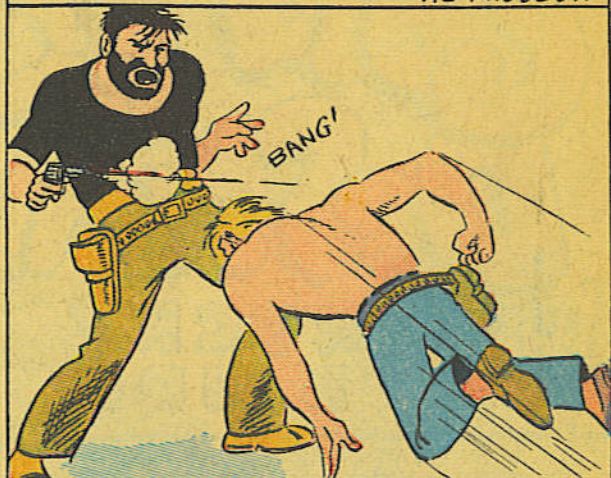
TWO DAYS AT SEA AND THEY SIGHT A STRANGE AND ROCK-BOUND COAST.



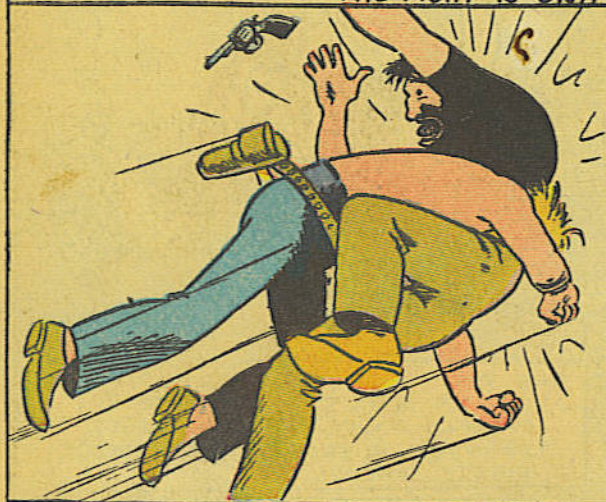
**A**S THEY ENTER THE FORTRESS A MOST UN-EXPECTED THING HAPPENS...



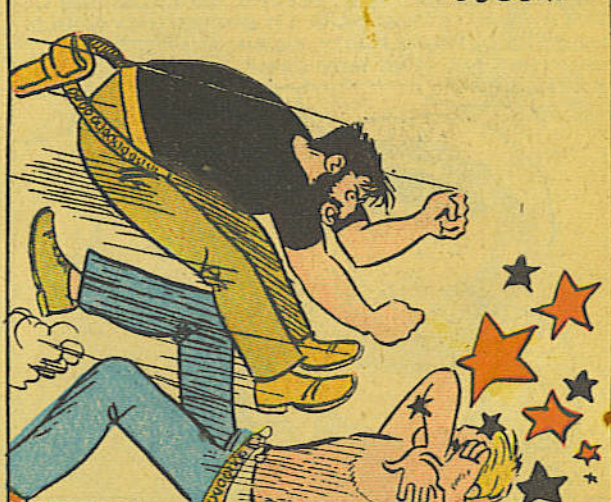
**D**AZED, BUT NOT HURT, ROCKY, INSTANTLY, SENSES BRUTE'S INTENTIONS... HE LEAPS AT HIM... BRUTE FIRES... HE MISSES!!



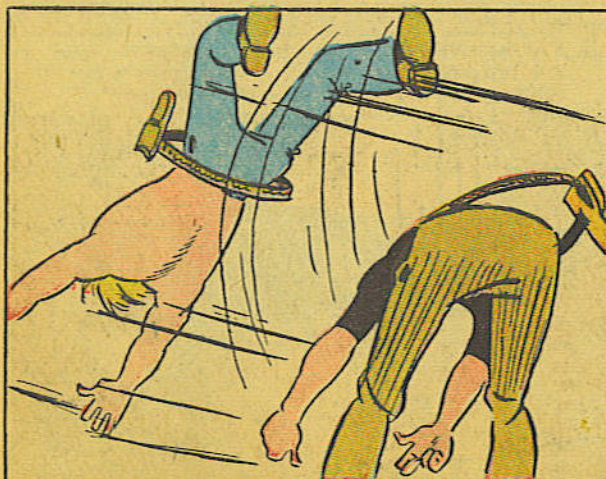
**A**ND BOTH MEN TOPPLE TO THE FLOOR... BRUTE CURSES... THE FIGHT IS ON!!



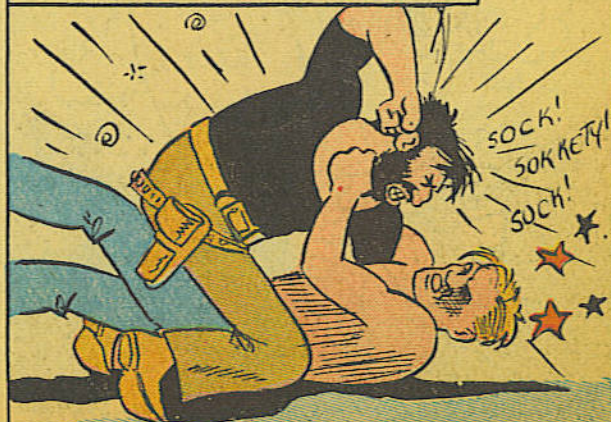
**B**ITING, KICKING, GOUGING... ANYTHING GOES!!!



**O**VER AND OVER THEY ROLL ACROSS THE HARD FLOOR FIGHTING FOR ALL THEY'RE WORTH... ROCKY, DESPERATELY TRYING TO REGAIN HIS FEET...

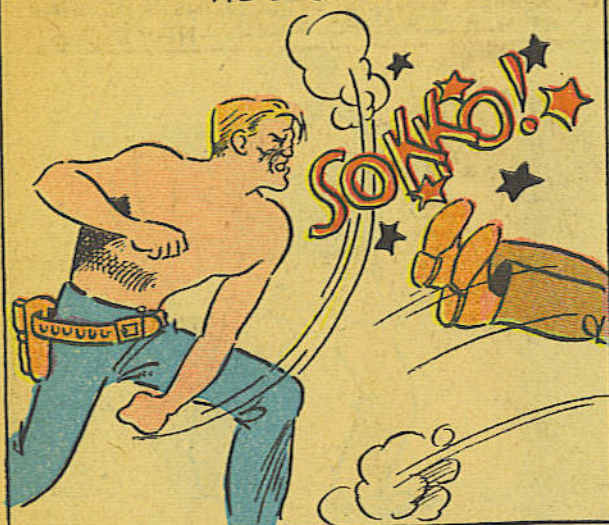


**B**UT STILL GROGGY FROM THE BLOW ON THE HEAD, ROCKY IS GETTING THE TAR BEATEN OUT OF HIM!!

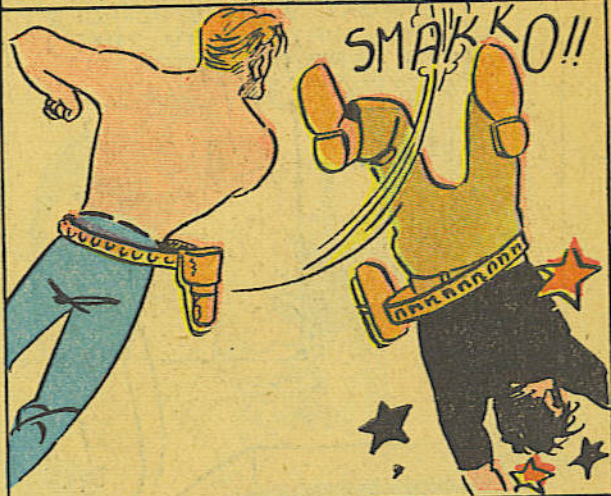




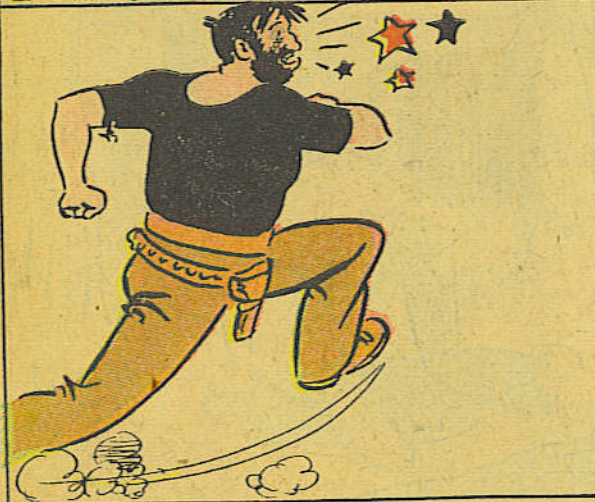
... AT LAST HE'S UP...



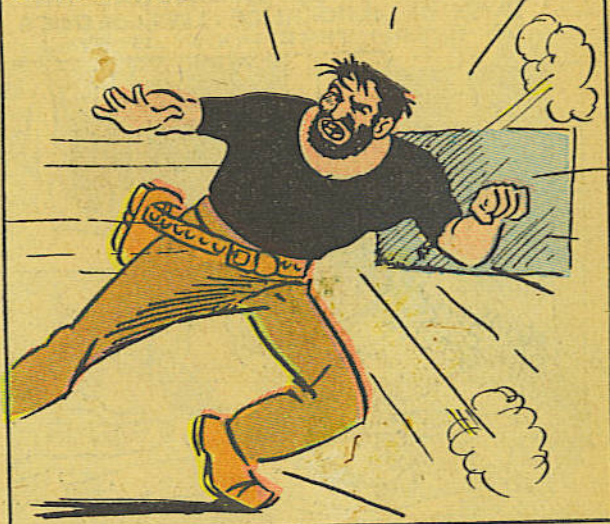
BRUTE GOES DOWN, HE'S UP!! A SMASHING  
RIGHT AND HE'S DOWN AGAIN!!!



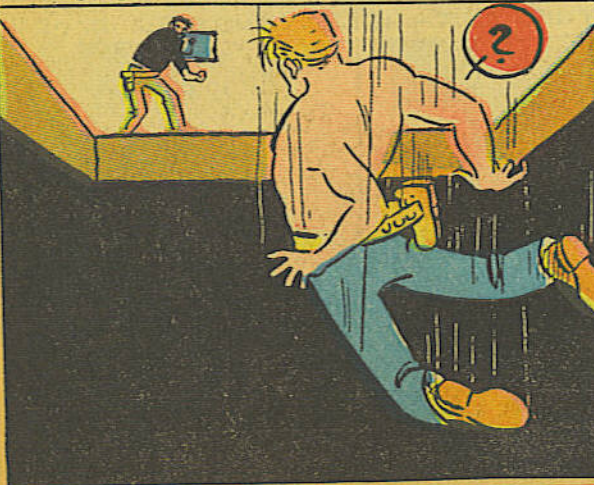
DEATEN, BATTERED AND TORN BRUTE  
BRANSOM BREAKS AWAY...



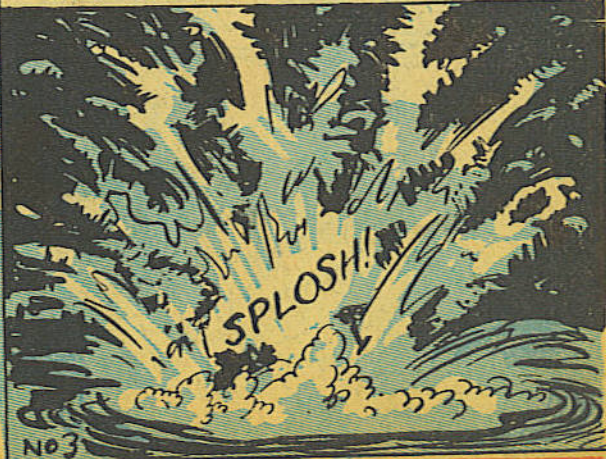
... AND THROWS HIS WEIGHT ON THE WALL



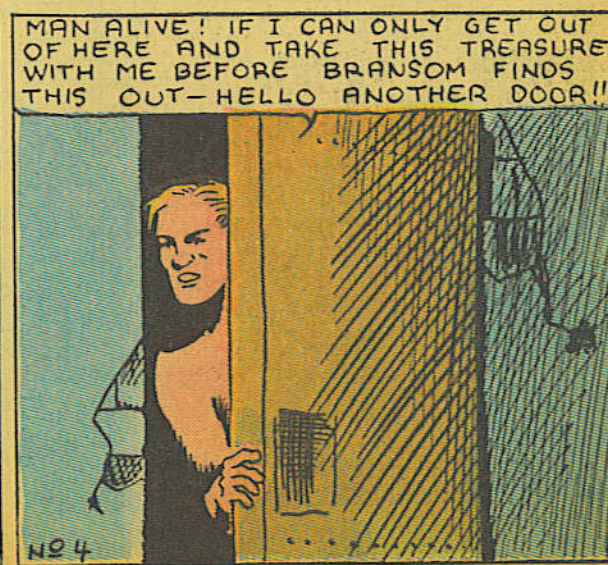
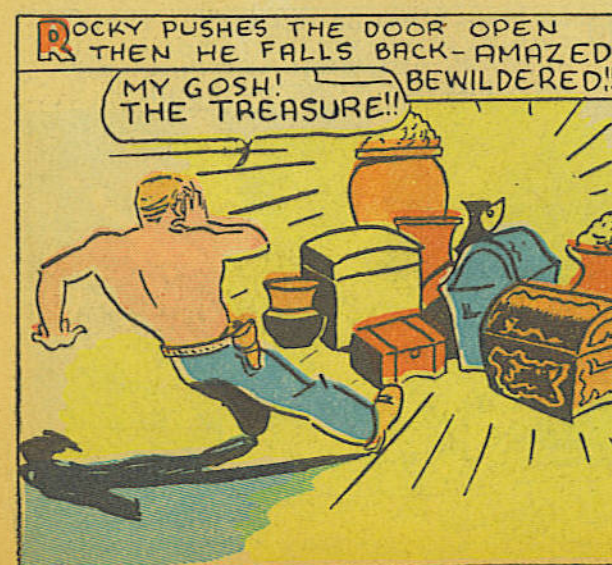
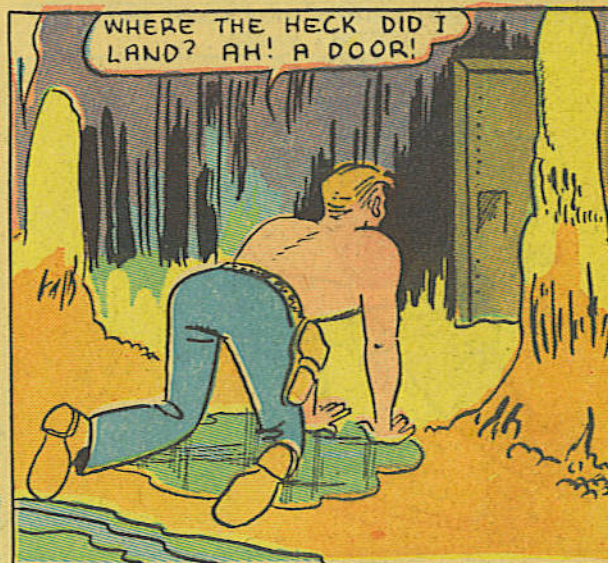
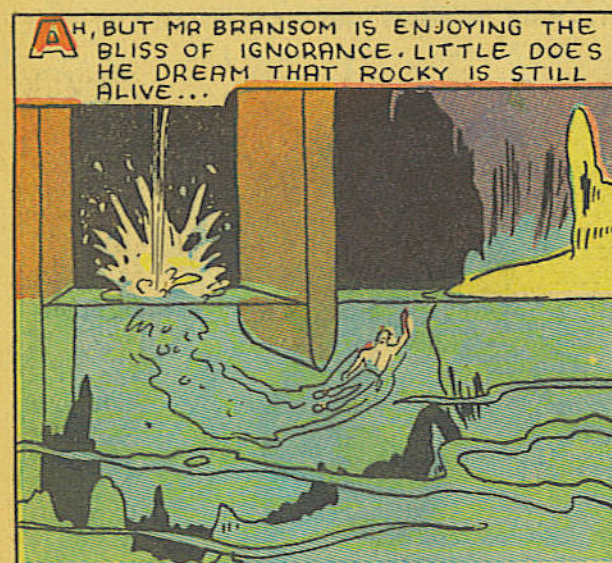
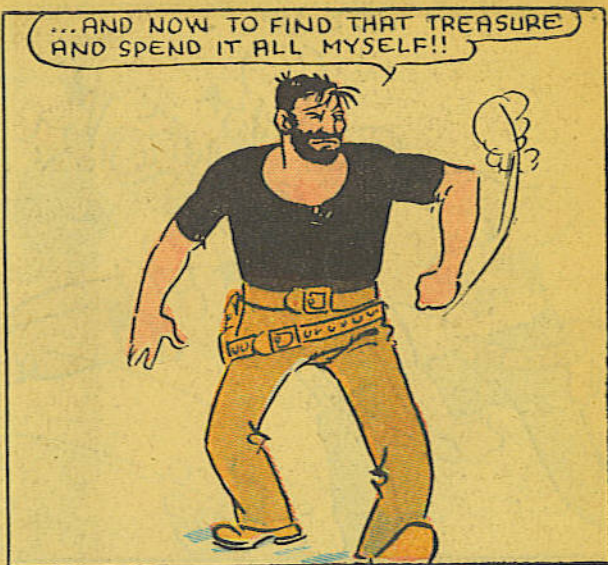
INSTANTLY, THE FLOOR GIVES WAY  
FROM UNDER ROCKY'S FEET AND HE  
PLUNGES INTO INKY BLACK DEPTHS!!



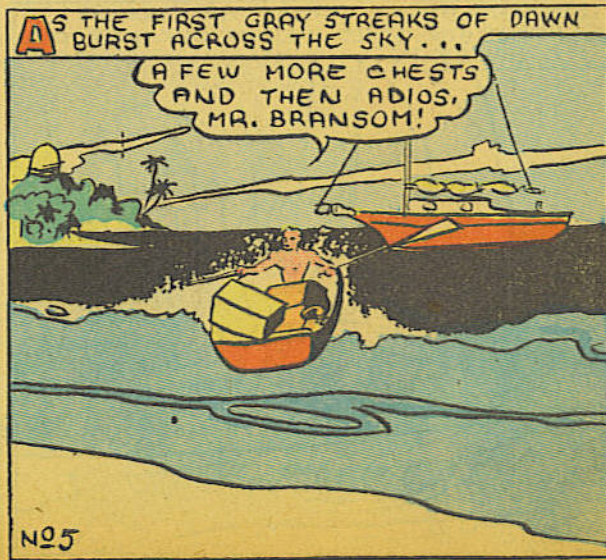
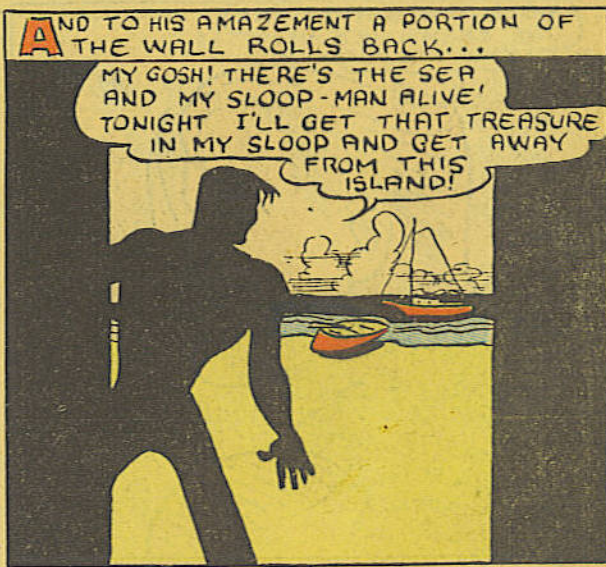
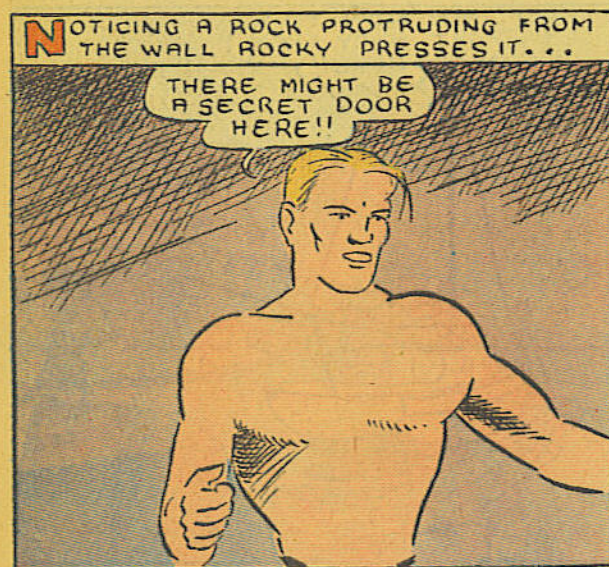
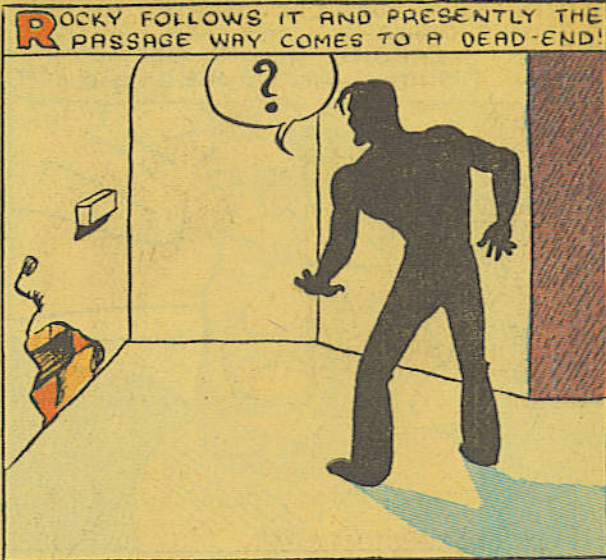
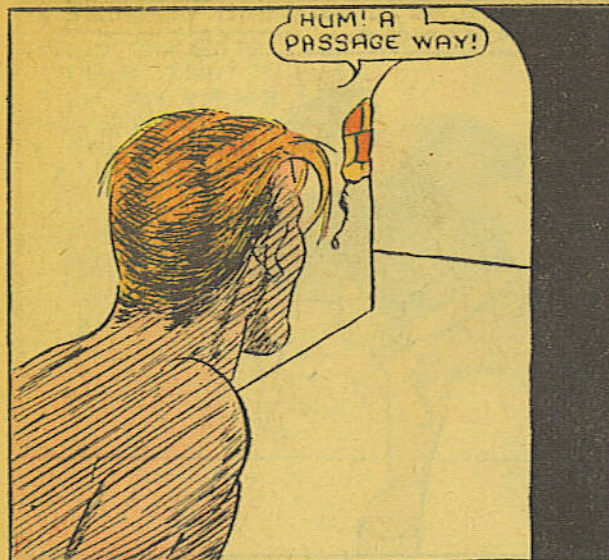
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN HE HURTLES... THEN A  
THUNDEROUS SPLASH... ROCKY DIS-  
APPEARS BENEATH THE SURFACE  
AND DOESN'T COME UP AGAIN!!!



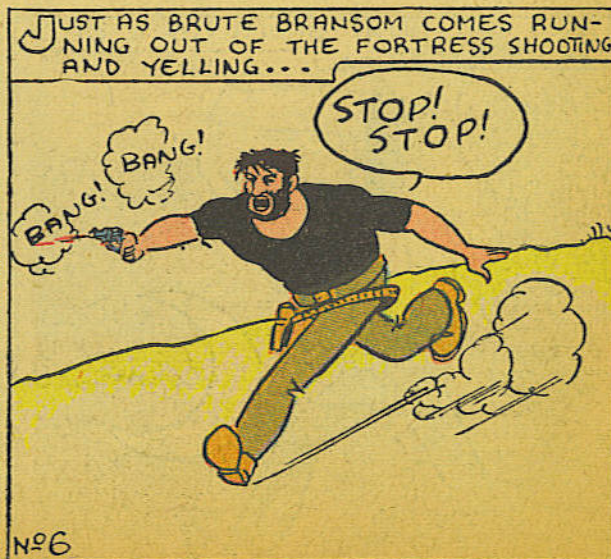
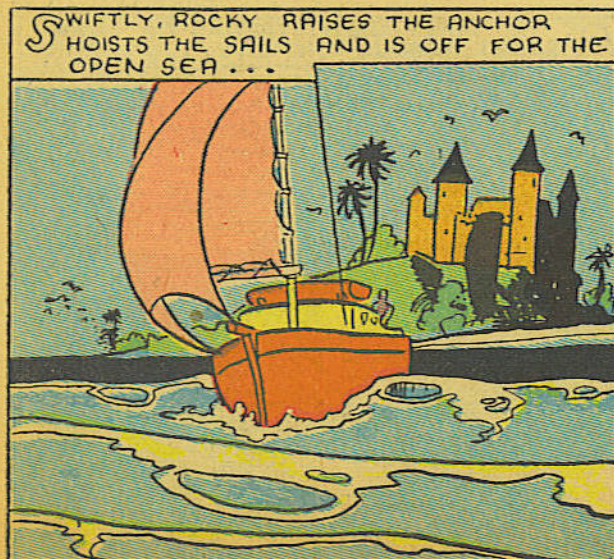
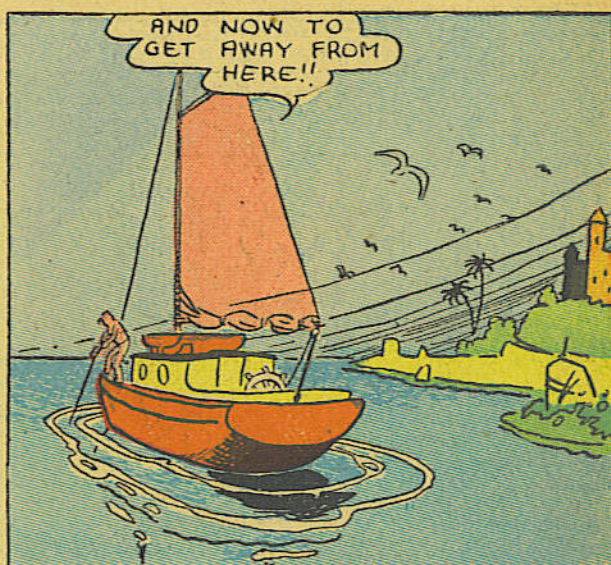
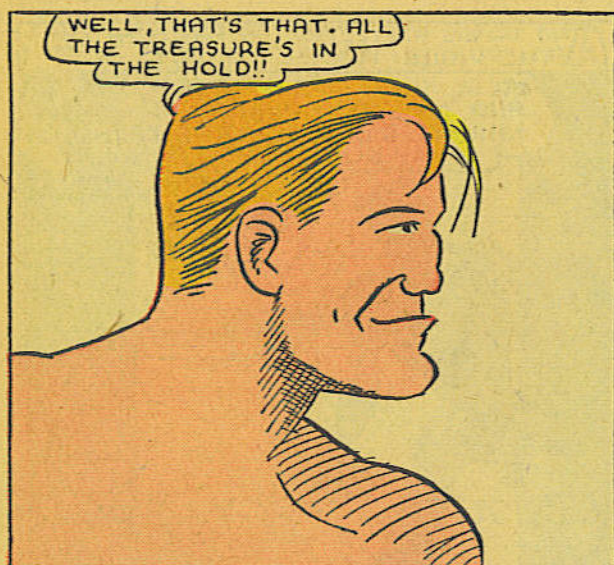
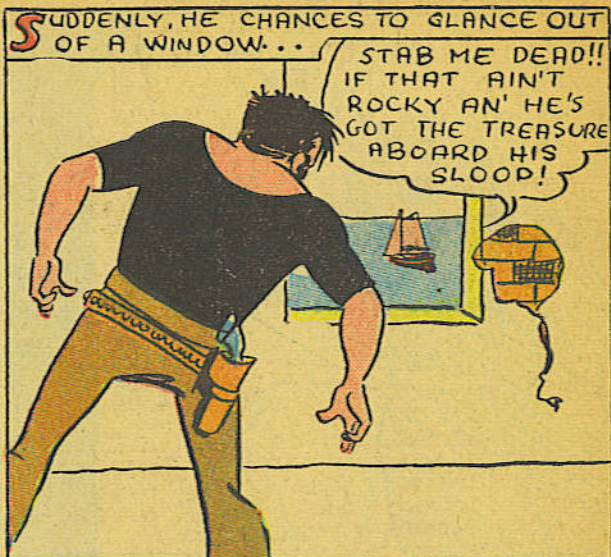
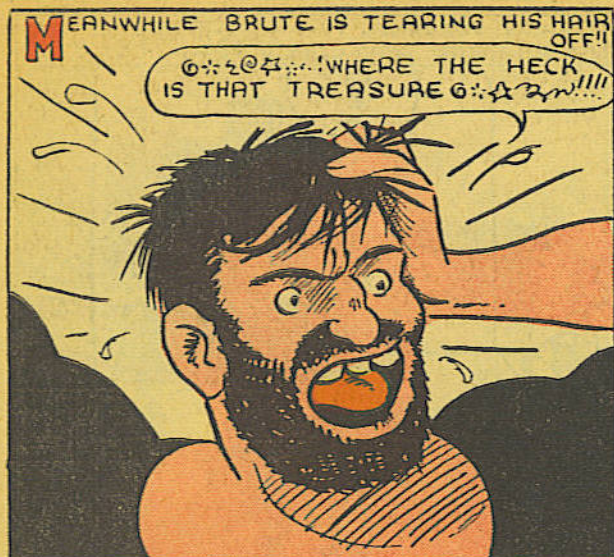




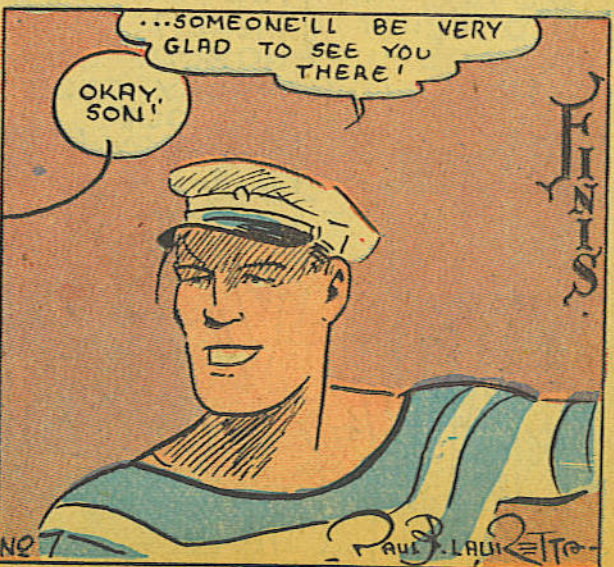
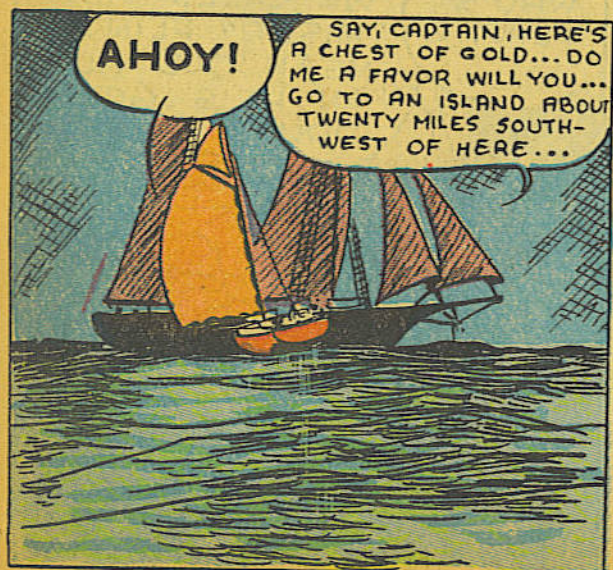
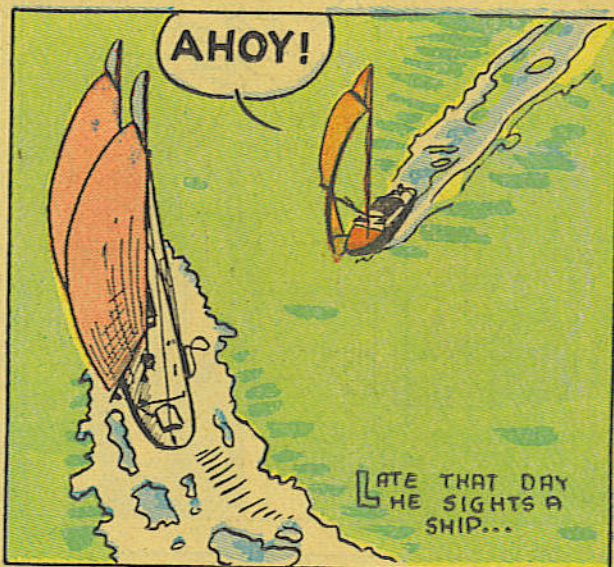
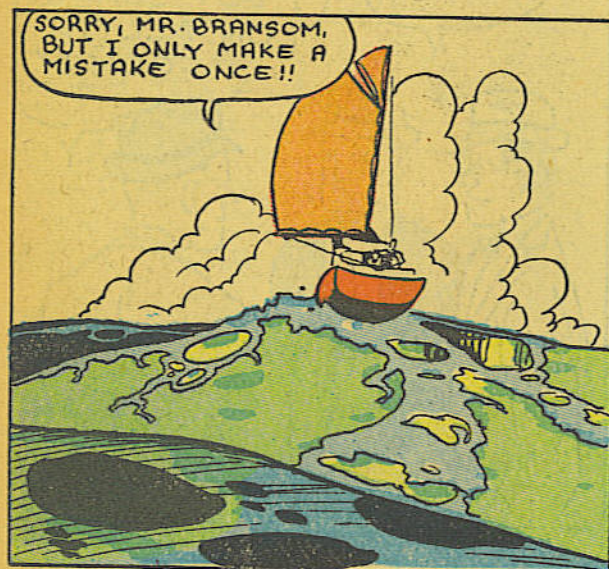
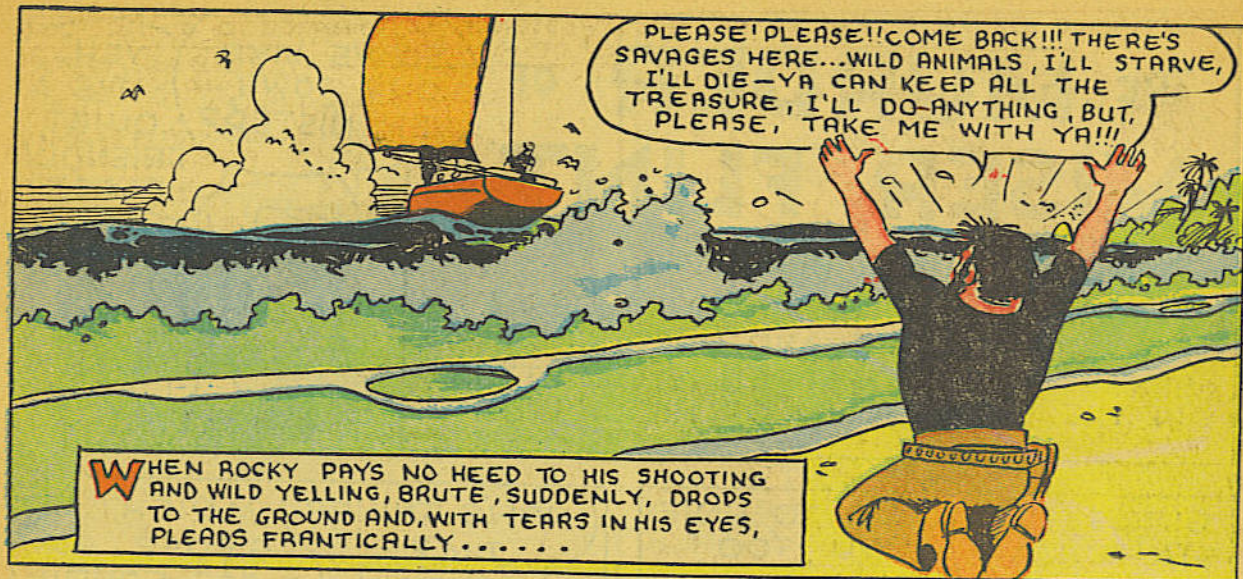














# THE MURDER OF MISER FLINT

BY  
JOSEPH E. BURESCH

IN WHICH A COUNTRY DOCTOR DOES A  
BIT OF DETECTING AND USES COMMON  
SENSE WHEN A MISDEED IS COMMITTED  
IN THE SMALL TOWN OF MILTONSPORT

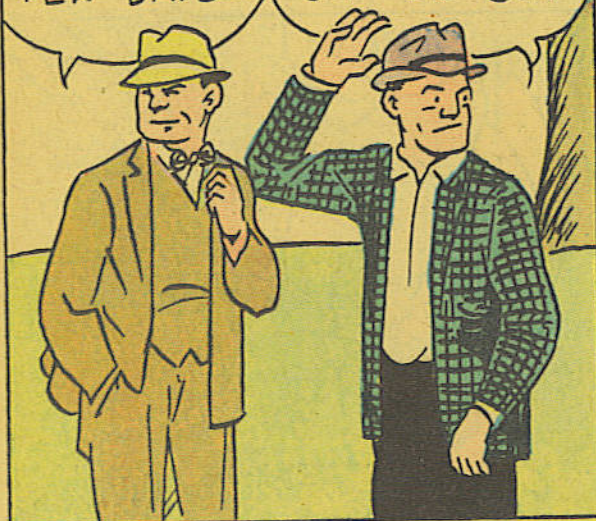
SO YE LIKE  
OUR TOWN,  
EH, MISTER?

YEH.  
IT'S A  
QUIET,  
FRIENDLY  
PLACE



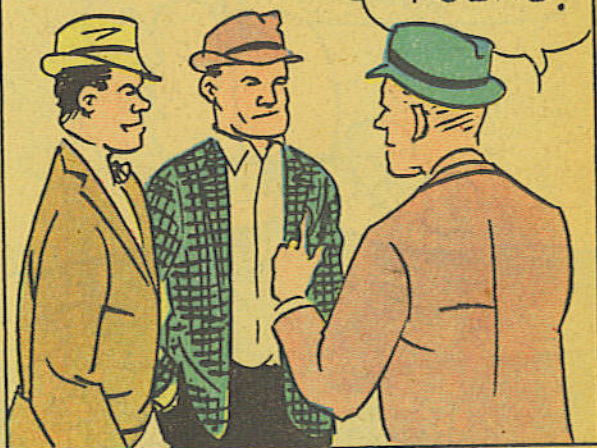
GUESS I'LL  
STAY ON A  
FEW DAYS..

GLAD TO HAVE  
YOU, TOO!  
OH 'LO JIM



HOW'S THINGS  
JIM?

ALRIGHT I  
S'DPOSE. SAY  
I GOT SOMPIN'  
ON ALL TH' FOLKS!



I JUST SAW  
OLD FLINT  
OUTSIDE HIS  
HOUSE!

YOU GOT US  
THERE, ALRIGHT.  
NOBODY EVER  
REALLY SEES  
THE OLD  
BOY!



WHO'S  
FLINT?

WE CALLS HIM  
"MISER" FLINT.  
MEAN OLD GUY,  
AN HE'S GOT  
DOUGH TO  
BURN!





HE LIVES A MILE  
UP THE ROAD..  
NEXT TO CY BARR  
AND HIS FAMILY



QUEER DUCK EH?  
WELL, I GOTTA  
RUN ALONG AND  
FIND A PLACE TO  
BUNK.



MISS BROWN WILL  
TAKE YOU IN FOR  
A FEW DAYS. SHE  
HAS NICE ROOMS

BOY IF THAT AIN'T LUCK! I  
MAKE A GETAWAY FROM COPS..  
COME TO THIS HICK TOWN 'TILL  
THINGS BLOW OVER, AND I  
STUMBLES INTO A CHANCE TO  
GET RICH QUICK!



- AND THE SOONER I  
WORK IT, THE  
BETTER



MY FEET HURT  
DOC. I THINK  
WE'RE GONNA  
HAVE SOME  
RAIN.

OH, OH  
I KNEW  
WE COULDN'T  
PLAY LONG!  
THERE'S THE  
PHONE



IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN,  
DOC. SMITH AND SHERIFF  
MACKENNA PASS TIME AWAY

MRS. OBRIEN'S  
TOMMY GOT A  
FEVER GOTTA  
GET OVER THERE  
AN' LOOK HIM  
OVER, MAC.

WELL, GUESS  
I'LL GO  
UP TO  
TH' OFFICE.  
C'MON, I'LL  
WALK YOU  
UP TH' ROAD





WELL, I'LL SEE YOU  
TONIGHT DOC, FOR  
A COUPLE GAMES OF  
CHECKERS

ALRIGHT  
MAC

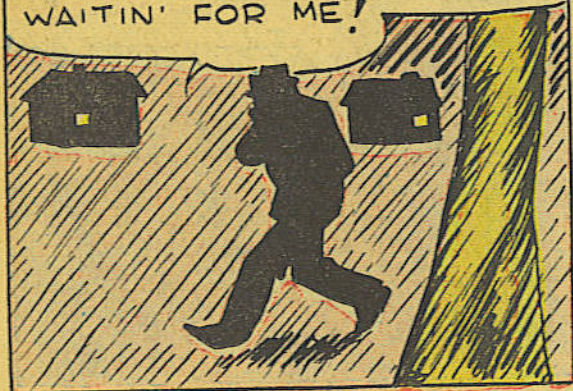


AND AS NIGHT CAME, A STORM CAME  
ON -- TELEPHONE LINES WENT DOWN --  
WIND AND RAIN CAME FAST.  
IN A ROOM OF MISS BROWN'S HOUSE,  
THE STRANGER STOOD BY THE WINDOW.

WELL, -- WHY NOT - THERE'S  
NO BETTER NIGHT FOR  
A MURDER THAN THIS



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE  
IF I DO GET SOAKED.  
THERE'S PLENTY OF DOUGH  
WAITIN' FOR ME!



NOBODY EVER SEE'S THE OLD  
CUSS, HE COULD JUST AS WELL  
BE DEAD, NOBODY WOULD  
KNOW IT.



THERE HE IS SITTING BY  
THE FIRE WELL, HERE  
GOES



WHO'S  
THERE?





A TRAVELER SIR. I'D LIKE TO GET WARM AND A PLACE FOR THE NIGHT. I'LL PAY YOU WELL!



THIS AIN'T A HOTEL, BUT COME IN.



I CAN'T SEE WHY YER OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!



THE MAN LOSES NO TIME-HE SLIPS HIS FINGERS TO THE MISER'S NECK



SOMEHOW, THE MISER TURNED QUICKLY AND WAS FREE OF THE INTRUDER. OLD FLINT QUICKLY FOUND A RIFLE -TURNED AT THE MAN AND FIRED WILDLY



YOU BLASTED RAT --YOU GOT ME IN TH' HAND! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!



THE MAN'S FINGERS TIGHTENED AROUND THE MISER'S THROAT --LIFE LEFT HIM





THE FLOORBOARD HERE--  
IT LOOKS--YEP TH' DOUGH'S  
HERE IN A BOX!



I'M RICH!!  
LOOK AT  
THE DOUGH!!  
I'M RICH!!



BUT THIS HAND--  
I GOTTA GIT TO  
THAT DOCTOR DOWN  
THE ROAD. IT'S  
BURNIN' AWFUL!



NO SOONER HAD THE MAN LEFT MISER  
FLINT'S HOUSE, WHEN CY BARR--  
FLINT'S ONLY CLOSE NEIGHBOR, CAME  
TO INVESTIGATE THE SHOT.



GLORY BE!  
I--I TOLD  
MARTHY I  
HEARD A  
SHOT

SHERIFF! OLD FLINT'S DEAD!  
HE'S BEEN MURDERED!!

A MURDER! HERE  
IN MILTONSPORT?  
WELL--I'LL BE  
CUSSED!





DOC! GUESS WHAT HAPPENED!  
FLINT'S BEEN KILLED!  
I WAS JUST UP TO HIS PLACE

WHAT?

YEP! SOMEBODY CHOKED HIM  
THEN ROBBED HIM..FLINT SHOT  
WHOEVER IT WAS THOUGH!  
'CAUSE THERE'S BLOOD ALL  
OVER THE DERN PLACE

WELL, GOTTA GIT BACK  
TO TH' OFFICE AN' WAIT  
FOR TH' COUNTY POLICE  
-SID WENT AFTER 'EM.  
TH' TELEPHONE LINES  
ARE DOWN YE' KNOW

FLINT MURDERED!  
CAN YOU TIE THAT!  
SOMEONE'S AT  
THE DOOR--  
COME IN!

SAY DOC, I HAD AN ACCIDENT  
-MY HAND'S CUT UP--WILL  
YOU FIX IT?

CERTAINLY  
SIT DOWN BY  
THE FIRE, LET'S  
HAVE A LOOK.  
SAY--YOU  
SURE ARE  
SOAKED.

YEH--HADDA WALK FROM THE  
HIGHWAY--TREE FELL ACROSS  
THE ROAD. COULDN'T STOP THE  
CAR FAST ENOUGH AND  
THE WINDSHIELD BROKE--  
IT WASN'T SAFETY GLASS  
--CUT ME HERE.

PRETTY  
BAD! I NEED  
SOME TOXICS  
AN' I DON'T  
HAVE 'EM  
ON HAND



YOU MIGHT LOSE THAT HAND IN TIME, SO WE'LL PLAY SAFE-- TAKE THIS NOTE TO LEM'S STORE. LEM WILL GIVE YOU WHAT I NEED



COME BACK AND WE'LL FIX IT UP--



OKAY DOC-- LEM'S STORE HUH? HERE DOC, FIX ME UP GOOD, AND YOU'LL GIT MORE

THE DOC SENT ME. GIT THIS STUFF QUICK WILL YA --



SURE MISTER!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, LEM APPEARS WITH SHERIFF MACKENNA--

ALRIGHT, MISTER COME WITH ME. I GOT A DRY CELL FOR YOU



SAY! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT? WHAT'S UP? GET ME THE STUFF THE DOC WANT'S!

THIS IS JUST WHAT THE DOC PRESCRIBED MISTER!



DOC, MEBBE YOU OUGHTA HAVE MY JOB TOO. YOU SURE TOOK A CHANCE WITH THAT "PRESCRIPTION"

NO MAC. I KNEW HE COULDN'T READ LATIN. BESIDES, HE WAS WORRIED OVER HIS HAND.

LATER



HIS HAND ISN'T SO BAD THEN?

NO, -AN' IT WAS FROM A BULLET - NOT GLASS. WELL I GOTTA GET ALONG OVER TO JEFF. HE'S GOT THE GOUT AGAIN



THE END



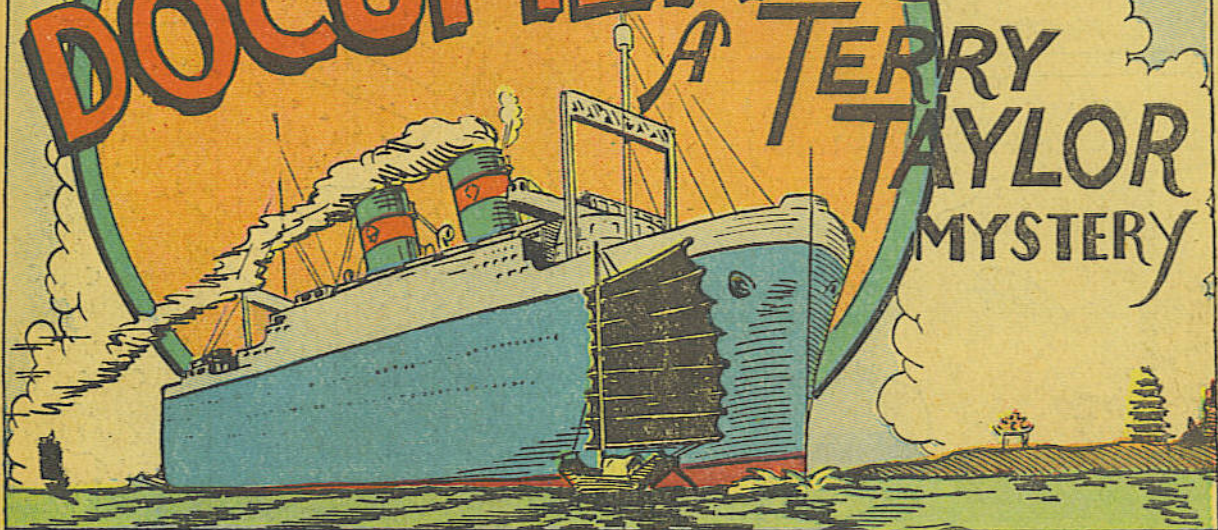
A COMPLETE STORY

# DANGEROUS DOCUMENTS

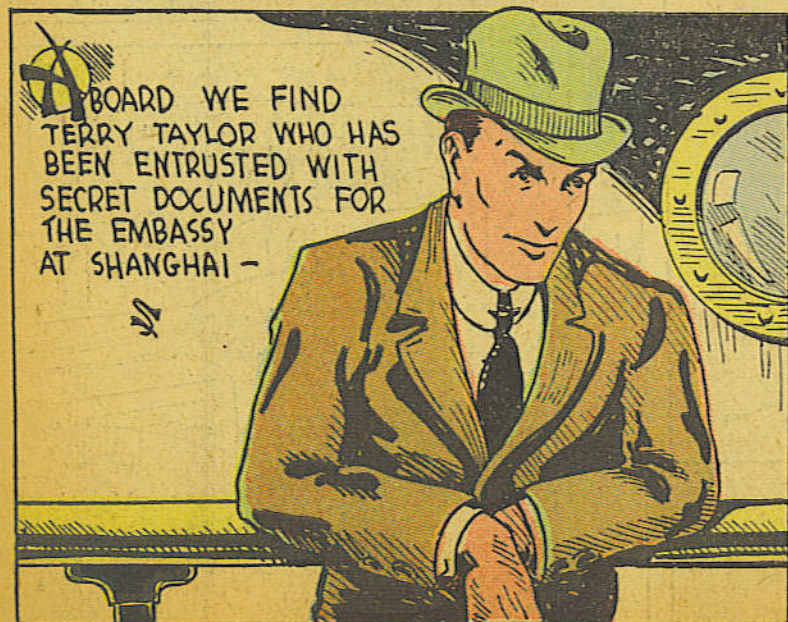
by  
ROBERT L.  
WOOD

Riley

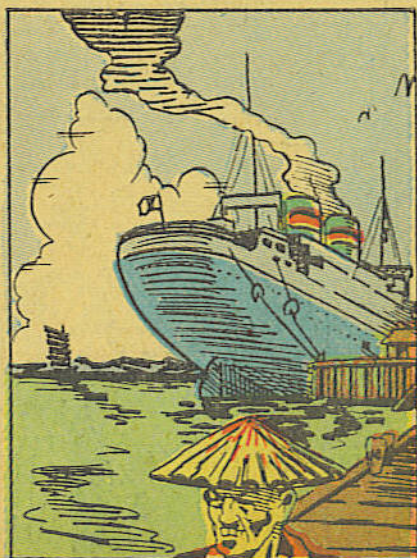
A TERRY  
TAYLOR  
MYSTERY



THE S.S. EASTERN EMPRESS IS MAKING HER WAY UP THE CHINA COAST BOUND FOR SHANGHAI --- THE PORT OF MISSING MEN.

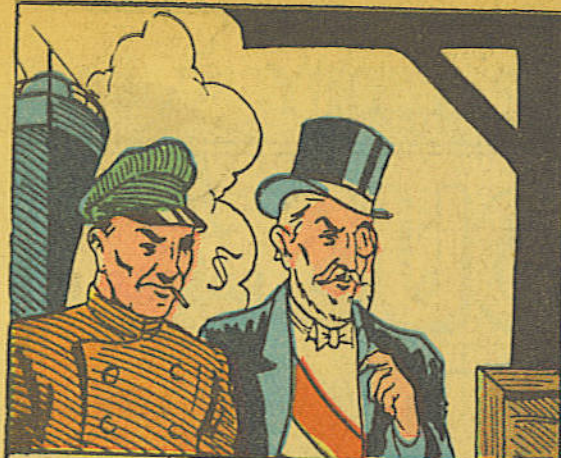


BOARD WE FIND  
TERRY TAYLOR WHO HAS  
BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH  
SECRET DOCUMENTS FOR  
THE EMBASSY  
AT SHANGHAI -



THE DOCK AT SHANGHAI -





ON THE DOCK TWO FIGURES KEENLY WATCH AS THE PASSENGERS COME ASHORE -

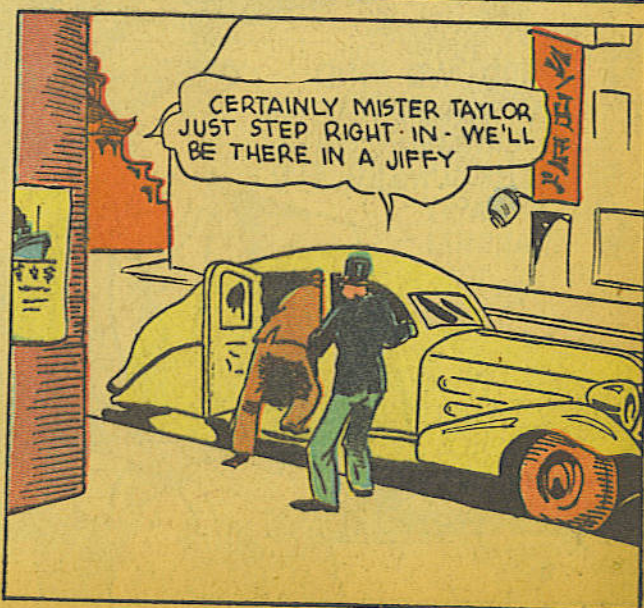
COME WE MUST NOT KEEP OUR GOOD FRIEND WAITING-



MISTER TAYLOR I BELIEVE - I'M HERE TO TAKE YOU TO THE EMBASSY -

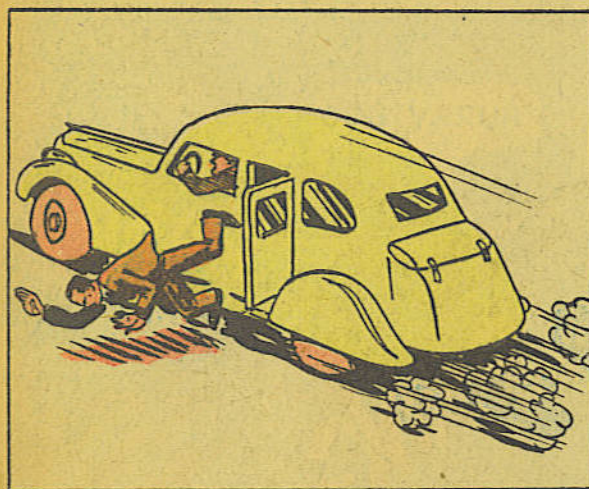
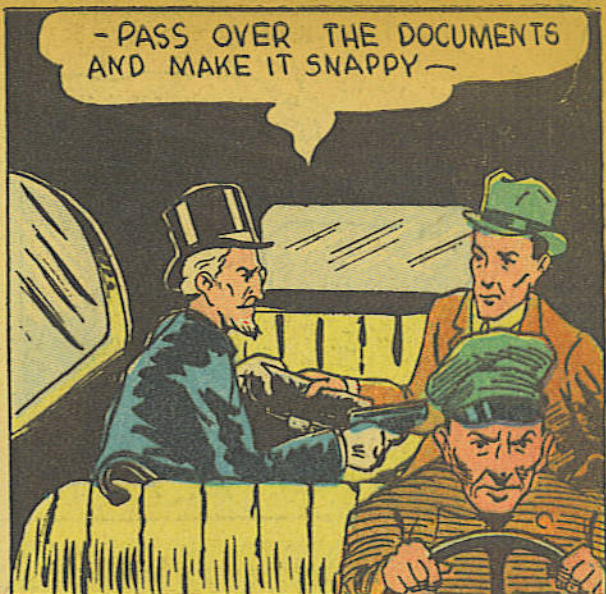
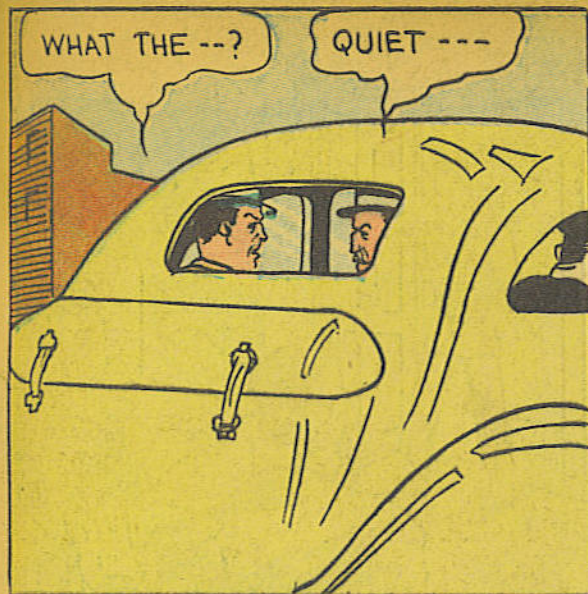


THERE HE IS! THAT'S HIM - MISTER TERRY TAYLOR-AH! NOW WE--

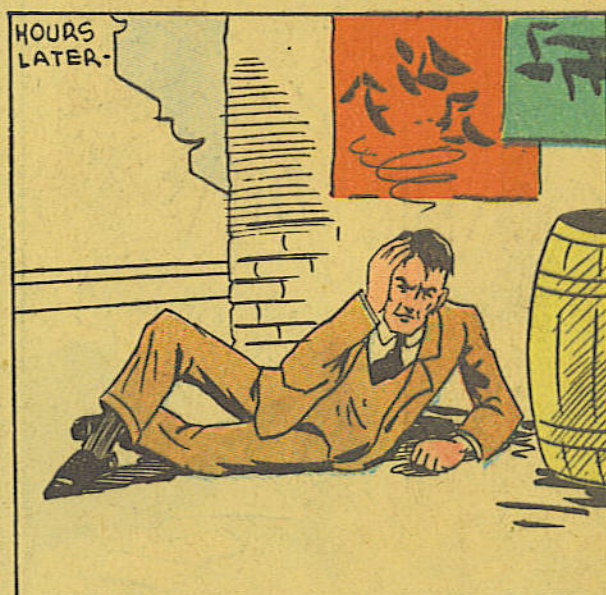


CERTAINLY MISTER TAYLOR JUST STEP RIGHT IN - WE'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY

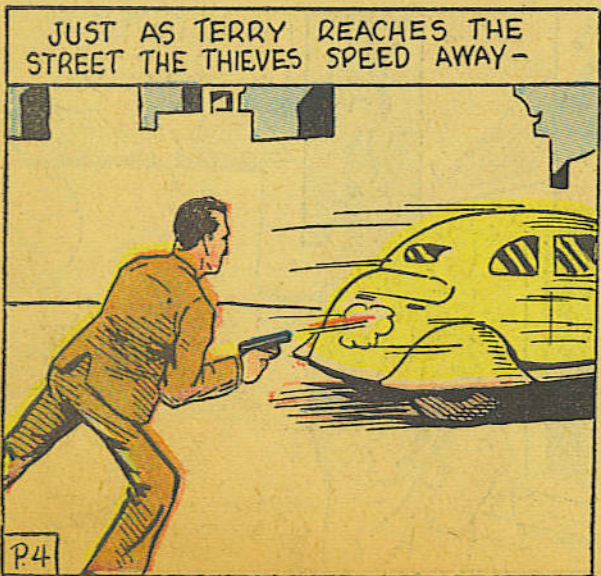




AFTER A BRIEF STRUGGLE TERRY IS  
SLUGGED AND THROWN FROM THE  
SPEEDING CAR-





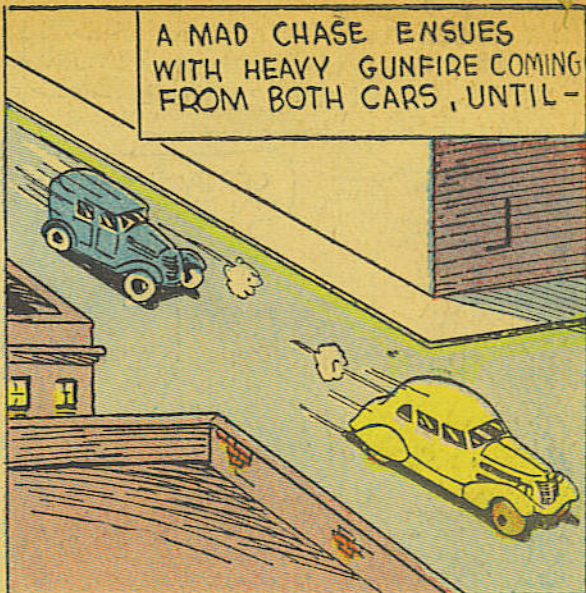




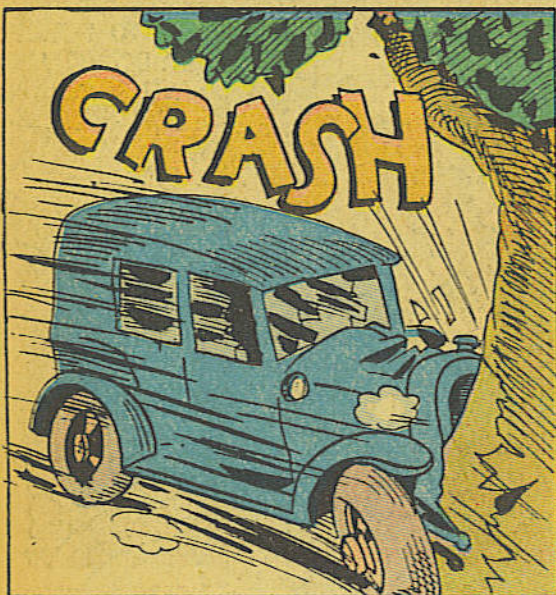
QUICK ! FOLLOW THAT  
CAR AHEAD -



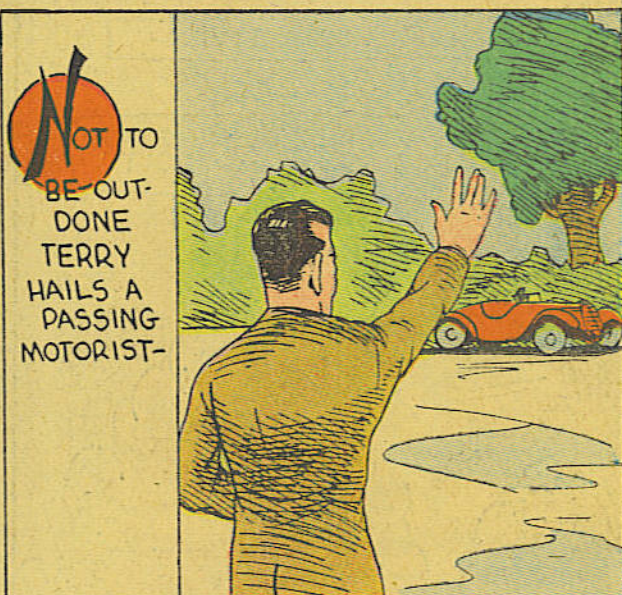
A MAD CHASE ENSUES  
WITH HEAVY GUNFIRE COMING  
FROM BOTH CARS , UNTIL -



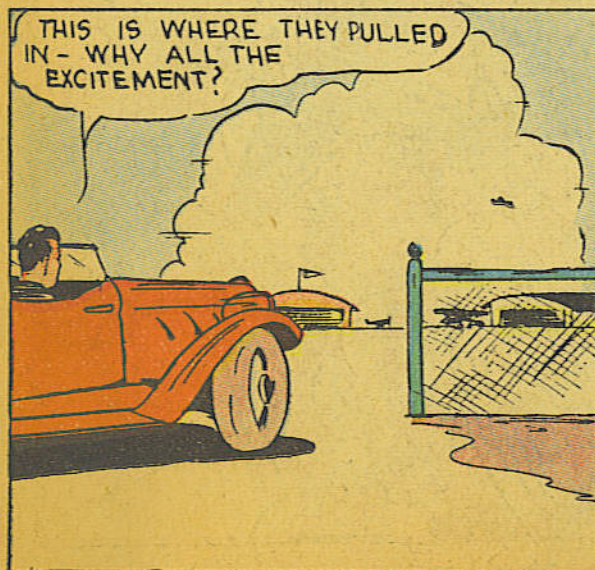
CRASH



~~NOT~~ TO  
BE OUT-  
DONE  
TERRY  
HAILS A  
PASSING  
MOTORIST-



THIS IS WHERE THEY PULLED  
IN - WHY ALL THE  
EXCITEMENT?



TWO MEN JUST STOLE THE  
HONG KONG EXPRESS - WE'RE  
SENDING UP TWO ARMY  
PLANES RIGHT AWAY-

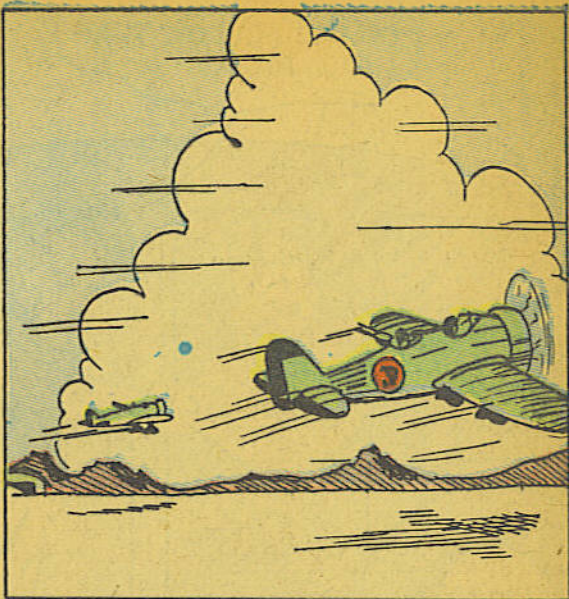
WHAT'S  
GOING ON?





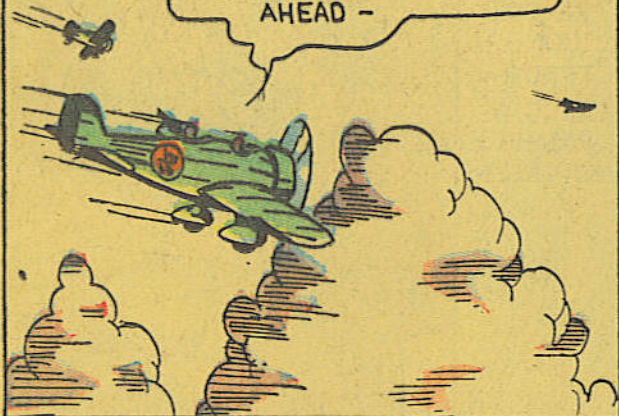
MY NAME IS TAYLOR-U.S. FOREIGN SERVICE, I'M FOLLOWING THESE MEN MAY I GO IN ONE OF THE PLANES?

CERTAINLY, MY FRIEND-

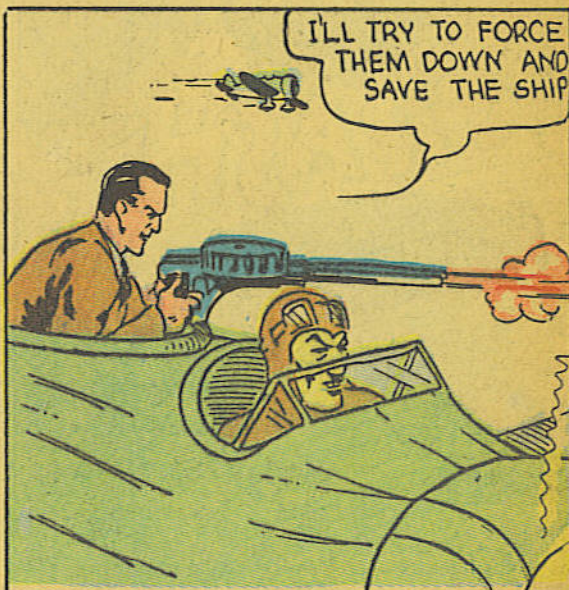


AFTER AN HOUR'S FLYING-

THERE'S THE HONG-KONG-EXPRESS NOW-STRAIGHT AHEAD -

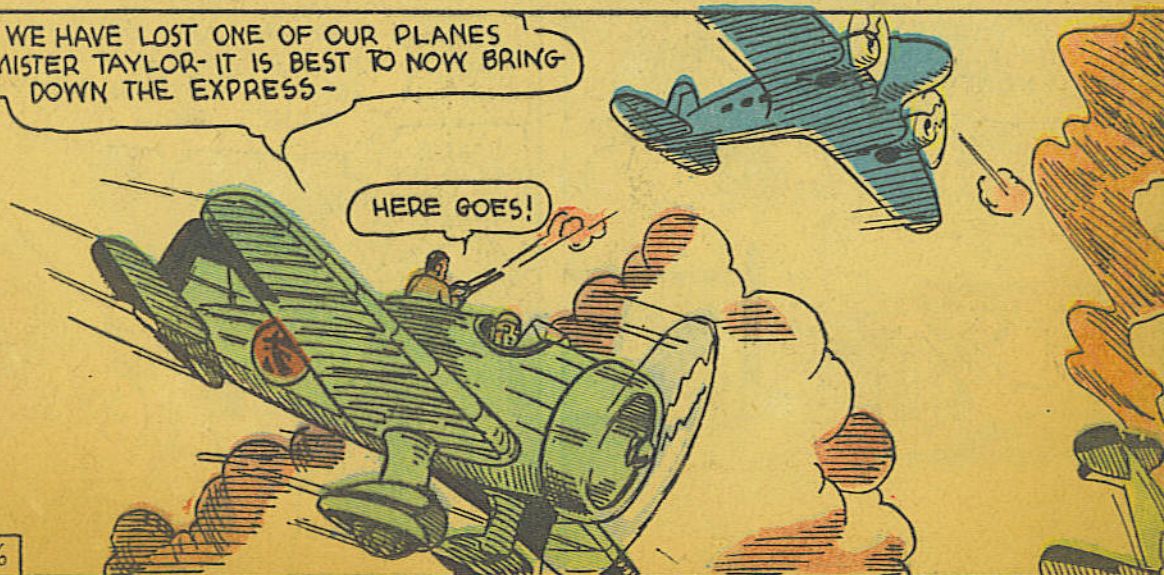


I'LL TRY TO FORCE THEM DOWN AND SAVE THE SHIP

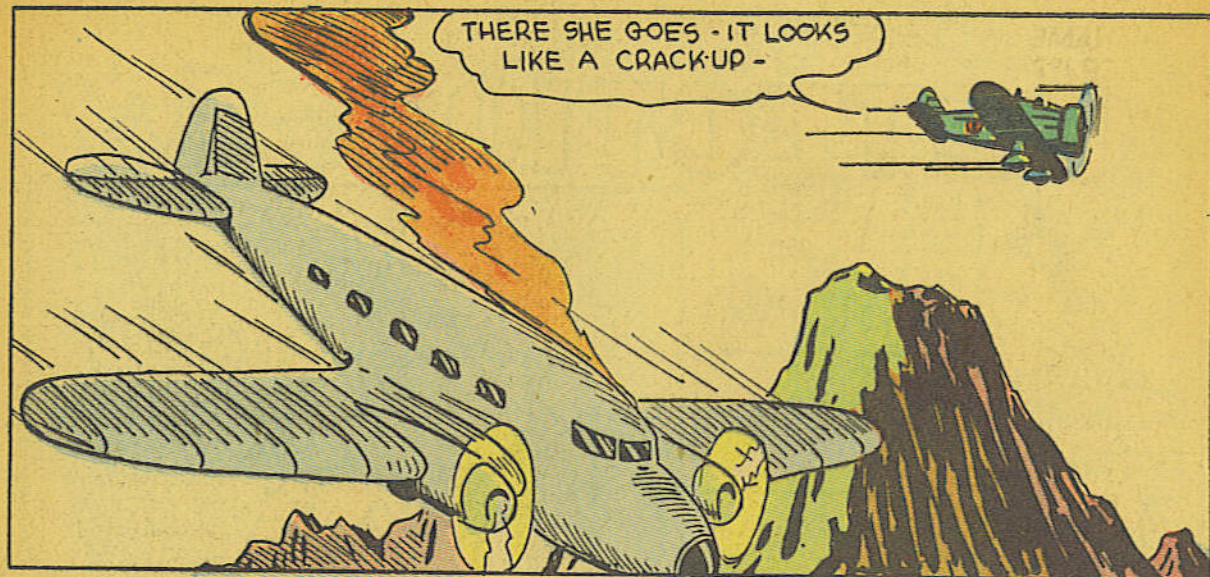


WE HAVE LOST ONE OF OUR PLANES MISTER TAYLOR-IT IS BEST TO NOW BRING DOWN THE EXPRESS-

HERE GOES!







AND SO - TERRY RECOVERS THE DOCUMENTS AND RETURNS TO SHANGHAI WHERE HE PRESENTS THEM TO THE EMBASSY -







# DETECTIONotes!

## HAIR AS A CLUE!

ABOVE SKETCH SHOWS HOW HAIR OF A SQUIRREL (A) AND THE HAIR OF A HUMAN (B) LOOKS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE'S EYE.

**SCIENTIFIC**  
SLEUTHS OFTEN SOLVE A CRIME BY USING A SINGLE HAIR AS A CLUE.

HAIR WHEN STUDIED UNDER THE ALL SEEING EYE OF THE MICROSCOPE REVEAL IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT THE GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF AN UNKNOWN CULPRIT SUCH AS AGE, COLOR OF HAIR, DEGREE OF BALDNESS, AND WHETHER IT IS FROM THE HEAD OF A CAUCASIAN, MONGOLIAN, OR COLORED PERSON.



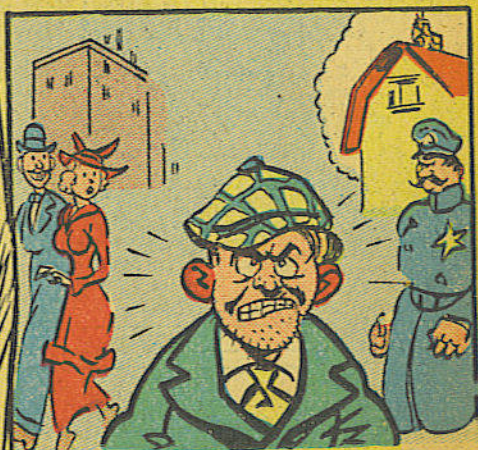
## LOCARD OF LYONS!

DR. EDMUND LOCARD, CHIEF OF THE FRENCH POLICE LABORATORY AT LYONS, IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S LEADING SCIENTIFIC SLEUTHS!

HE HAS OFTEN READ THE SECRET OF A BAFFLING CRIME IN A FEW SPECKS OF DUST. A MAN'S FATE MAY HANG ON WHAT THESE INVISIBLE CLUES REVEAL UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.



SEVENTY-SIX PER CENT OF THE SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE F.B.I., WASHINGTON, D.C., HOLD ONE OR MORE UNIVERSITY DEGREES. THEY SPEAK FLUENTLY ONE OR MORE OF 21 FOREIGN LANGUAGES. THEY HAVE HAD EXPERIENCE IN OVER 100 DIFFERENT TRADES, INDUSTRIES, BUSINESSES, SCIENCES AND PROFESSIONS. ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE SPECIAL AGENTS HAVE TWO COLLEGE DEGREES OR MORE.



## ARE SOME CRIMINAL'S EARS RED?

IN ROUMANIA, ON ACCOUNT OF AN OUTBREAK OF PICKPOCKET ACTIVITY, AFFECTING THE TOURIST TRADE, THE POLICE ARE NOW "PAINTING THE EARS OF THE LIGHT-FINGERED CROOKS A DARK RED COLOR" SO THAT ALL MAY KNOW.



## FIRST DETECTIVE OF NEW YORK CITY

"OLD JOHN" HAYS, IN 1836, WHEN SERVING AS THE CITY HIGH CONSTABLE FORMULATED THE PLAN FOR THE FIRST CITY DETECTIVE FORCE IN AMERICA, AND BECAME THE CHIEF DETECTIVE OF NEW YORK.

HAYS OFTEN DISGUISED HIMSELF IN OUTLANDISH FASHION IN ORDER TO BRING IN A WANTED CRIMINAL.



WALLACE BALDWIN  
139